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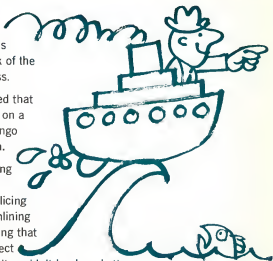
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Next week

THE HOTSHOT KIDS who have taken over the headlines in the American League are the key to the most stimulating pennant race in years. Bill Leggett describes these new heroes.

THAT SMALL TYPHOON swirling about in the middle of New York's most sophisticated boulevard is William Smith, yachtsman and designer and a son of Renaissance capitalism.

ALONE IN THE WOODS for 72 hours, girls at an Outward Bound school test their response to wilderness. Barbara La Fontaine, who was one of them, tells how they made out.



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SHOPWALK

A few new items for those who want to endure the rigors of camping in comfort

No one has yet made a survey of the number of people who do not go camping each year. They are the gregarious herds, happy with civilization, who slink off at vacation time to comfortable, air-conditioned hotels, chlorine-treated swimming pools and planned recreation. They would agree with the essayist who once summed up country living as a great damp place where birds fly about uncooked. In short, non-campers would not be caught dead (or alive) in the wilderness. They are bucking a trend, of course, for surveys have been made of the number of seemingly normal human beings who get the urge once a year... plus a few stolen weekends... to dash off into the woods. The statistics on campers are fascinating and contradictory. One source estimates that a veritable army of 37,000,000 Americans will hit the trail in 1966, as opposed to a mere 5,000,000 in 1961.

Another source claims 25,000,000, and so it goes, with the figures ranging downward to the more reasonable estimate of 8,000,000 plus, which would indicate a 1% increase each year since 1961. Sporting goods manufacturers don't really care what the figures are, only what they represent, for business in sleeping bags, tents, Coleman stoves and the hundreds of other products designed to keep you comfortable in uncomfortable surroundings was never better. Each year there is something new or something old improved upon. The space program, because of its necessary concentration on weightlessness and the cramped living quarters of a capsule, has given impetus to lightweight, functional products that benefit not only astronauts but campers as well. There is on the market this year the Space Blanket, a covering with high insulating properties (it returns 80% of the covered person's body heat to him) and is still flexible at 60° below zero, weighs only 9½ ounces and can be carried comfortably in the pocket of a hunting jacket.

The material in the Space Blanket was developed by the National Research Corporation for use in outer space and has been used on practically every major space shot. Grounded campers will find that it can also be used for a hunting blind, boat blanket, windbreak, cockpit sunshade and poncho and as a ground cloth, since it lies flat. On a boat it will serve as a radar reflector. All you need do is secure the blanket with some marine or light line and run it up the mast. Or it can be wrapped around a boat fender, or any other convenient object and hoisted into the rigging. It can be wiped clean with a damp cloth, though neither dirt nor lint easily adheres to it. The price is \$7.95.

New designs in sleeping bags and tent multiply almost as fast as campers. The lat-



est in sleeping bags is one with a snap-in lining that can be thrown into a washer along with the rest of the laundry. Tents, of course, come in all sizes, shapes and materials. There are long, short, oblong, round and square tents, ranging in price from about \$69 for the simple poplin-covered two-sleeper to the spacious \$175 12-foot-by-12-foot home away from home covered with gay poplin. Many experienced campers, though, still prefer the commonest, oldest A-wall tent with side walls some two to three feet high and with a ridge roof under which it is usually possible to stand erect. It is still one of the best tents available for both extremely hot and very cold weather. Colorful, functional synthetics are at least partially responsible for the boom in tent-making. Those who inhabit the elegant Eureka Space Tent (sleeps four and looks like a summer cottage) may want to carry furniture along. There is a unique portable table with four built-in stools available at \$34.95. All of it—this live-in-one Maroon combination, manufactured by the Milwaukee Stamping Company—folds and fits into a suitcase. The table measures 33 inches by 28½ inches and when folded has a depth of five inches.

The simple back-packer, who is strict about being miserable, would scoff at such refinement, for he believes, if he cannot tote it on his back it should be left at home. Choosing the most comfortable, functional back-pack is the most important thing this type of hardy camper will ever do. The Alpine frame rucksack and the Alaskan pack board are highly recommended by Whelen and Anger, authors of the classic *On Your Own in the Wilderness*. Both were used by the Army during World War II and may still be picked up from surplus dealers.

Once in the woods there is no excuse for getting lost, say experienced campers who have never been lost. The cheapest way to keep track of yourself, if you're the type who can get lost in a revolving door, is to always carry a magnetic compass. They cost less than \$6. If you're going to be off in a boat, however, in unfamiliar water, you may want to invest in a radio direction finder. Currently on the market is the Nova-Tech Pilot II. It is portable and doubles as a 4-band aircraft marine radio. The 4-band receiver picks up planes in flight, aircraft control towers, the entire marine band, police calls, shortwave, 24-hour weather reports for 200 miles plus AM music, news and sports. It costs \$129.95, which is more expensive than a compass, but then all you get from a compass is north.

Camping, it would seem, with all its modern conveniences, is becoming more and more refined. Perhaps the nth degree of refinement was reached some years ago when the young heir to a publishing fortune went out in the woods to rough it and took his butler along to clean the tent and do the cooking.

—JOANNETTE BRUCE

E-MWJ

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BOOKTALK

Three outdoor books by a diplomat, a naturalist and wife, and Mr. Boy Scout

Philip Crowe's *Sporting Journeys in Africa* and Ann (Berne Publishers, \$7.50) begins at the Hill Club in Ceylon, and retired British colonels and tea planters, in a setting straight out of Kipling. And the author has managed to catch in perfection the tone of a Victorian sportsman's recollections. The rambles are pleasantly about hunting tigers with the Maharaja of Indore, hunting huge Indian bison through the kindness of the Maharaja of Mysore, fishing some of the 300 miles of beautiful trout water in Kashmir and shooting lions and elephants in Africa. Sometimes his book sounds like a parody. "Evenings at Government House were enlivened by other State guests," he says. "There was B. N. Banerji, head of the Indian Customs Service and Bishop Alexander Mar Theophilus, missionary bishop of the Mar Thoma Church of India." But the author is perfectly serious. A wartime chief of intelligence in Asia and later U.S. Ambassador in Ceylon and South Africa, Philip Crowe discovered that he could find out more about a country if he went fishing and hunting than if he remained in his office.

In 1927 Olin Muir, his wife and their two children established a camp high on Whetstone Creek in the Teton in Wyoming, so Muir could begin his study of the great elk herd at Jackson Hole. *Wagon Baldness* (Knopf, \$5.95) consists of 25 brief chapters of their 17 years there, alternately written by Muir who died in 1963 and his widow. Muir's chapters have the air of notes and jottings left over from his standard work, *The Elk in North America*. Mrs. Muir's chapters, despite an occasional lapse into women-vintage prose, bring the wilderness into clearer focus. How did she raise her three children way off there in the hills? "Well, all I can say is it was simpler there than in town," she answers.

Dan Beard, a novelist, successful illustrator and founder of the Boy Scouts of America, wrote *The American Boy's Handy Book* in 1882. It has been revised (Charles E. Tuttle Co., \$3.95) and is a treasure of information on how to make squirt guns, bowtangs, cabins, rafts, balloons, theatrical costumes and toy boats that can be used to catch fish. You make a free-king boat with a paper sail, rig a line to the stern, and the vessel "when sailing before the wind will troll the bait in a manner that appears to be irresistible to bass." Beard was particularly good on bubbles. "Few persons can stand by and watch another blowing bubbles," he wrote, "without being seized by an uncontrollable desire to blow one for themselves."

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ON SPORT

In academia it is often the thing to put the knock on sport as one of the more frivolous enterprises. But sport has lately found a new and formidable champion in, of all places, the Max-Planck-Institut für Physiologie of Behavior in Bavaria. Its director, Dr. Konrad Lorenz, has written a remarkable new book in which he investigates the nature of intra-specific aggression—fighting among members of the same species—a useful instinct man inherited from his animal forebears but which, despite his power of reason, he has not been able to channel constructively. Indeed, the self-destruction of *Homo sapiens*, who Lorenz believes might well be the long-sought missing link between animals and the truly humane being, must nowadays be considered more than a likelihood.

Loewitz feels, however, that in sport lies one of the best hopes for the salvation of the species. Sport, he writes in *On Aggression*, is "a specifically human form of nonhostile combat, governed by the strictest of culturally developed rules. [It] is not directly comparable to the fighting play of the higher vertebrates. . . . The enjoyable play of two dogs, however different in size and strength, is made possible only by the strict exclusion of all competitive elements. In sport, on the other hand, even in those kinds in which the enjoyment of skilled movements for their own sake predominates, as in skiing or skating, there always is a certain pride in doing it well, and there is no sport in which contests are not held."

Lorenz believes that the principal function of sport today is the "cathartic discharge" of the aggressive urge. Even more valuable is the fact that sport "educates man to a conscious and responsible control of his own fighting behavior," and to the "value of the restrictions imposed by the demands for fairness and chivalry which must be respected even in the face of the strongest aggression-eliciting stimuli."

Of still greater importance, Lorenz contends, sport furnishes a safety valve for the most indispensable and most dangerous kind of aggression—collective militant enthusiasm, another autonomous instinct we share with the beasts, which, in its direct form, has led men absurdly to war, and in its finest, inspired art and science.

"Sporting contests between nations," Lorenz concludes, "are beneficial not only because they provide an outlet for the collective militant enthusiasms of nations, but also because they have two other effects that counter the danger of war: they promote personal acquaintance between peoples of different nations . . . and they unite, in enthusiasm for a common cause, people who otherwise would have little in common."

FOR OPENERS

Ever since 1954, when it was first televised, the Miss America Pageant has appeared on CBS and, over the years, it has been one of the most highly rated programs in all of TV-land. Please don't ask why. Nevertheless, on Saturday night, September 10, Miss America will cry pretty tears for NBC. No tears for CBS viewers: they've got something good for them in the same time slot: Green Bay vs. Baltimore in the NFL opener.

BOARD SHOW AND COLLAR FLOW

Muhammad Ali is close to realizing his boast of a few years back, to wit: "I will be the first real world's heavyweight champion. I will give all the people of the world a chance to see me fight." In March he fought in Canada, in May he grazed England with its first modern title fight; now he plans to give Germany its first, after having another go in England.

This one is tentatively scheduled for August 6, and the opponent is supposed to be Eduardo Corleto—C-o-r-l-e-t-o—who has a great loss to Floyd Patterson's kid brother, Raymond. Then, on September 10 Ali intends to meet Karl Mildenberger, the European champion.

In Frankfurt. It looks like Ali is out to make a quick million this year. In fact, he is going to do better. Ali is guaranteed \$400,000 in Germany, about the same in England. Add that to the \$150,000 he made in Toronto with Chuvpalo and the \$365,000 he received for busting up Henry Cooper and see what you get.

Since, for the most part, Ali's 1966 income will come from overseas, it has got to help stem the dollar flow and partially restore the balance of payments. For this the U.S. should be grateful, if not then Viet Cong.

THIS WAS THE WAY IT WAS

Dizzy Dean, who in 1934 was the last to win 30 games in the majors, says Sandy Koufax or Juan Marichal could do the same, or better—but they won't.

"That's because I pitched 15 or 16 times in relief," Dean explains. "Nowadays a starter of this type wouldn't go to relief more than once or twice in the last few weeks. I won a lot of games in September."

"You see, in my days baseball was something you did without prompting. I'd get to the park at 9 o'clock in the morning and put on my uniform, just to admire myself in it. I'm not talking



about Marichal or Koufax now, you understand, but the other day before a game I heard a player say, 'I sure hope it rains today,' cause I gotta keep in contact with my stockbroker.'"

FAST SHUFFLE

In the casinos of Nevada there's a game called Keno, which the Chinese played, which is how they raised the money to

build the Great Wall. There are faster ways to throw away money than Keno, like off the back of a moving train, but that takes practice. If the wind's blowing the wrong way, you might get some of it back. However, there are a couple of games where if you know what you're doing and get lucky you might break even. One of them isn't roulette. As Raymond Chandler once wrote, "She loses, which is what roulette is for."

One of them is twenty-one, in which the odds are only around 3%, in favor of the house. But for some dark days last week the casino bosses in Harrah's Reno and Stateline, Nev., eluded kind of thought they'd go for 4%, and ordered their dealers to shuffle the deck after each hand rather than when the pack ran out. Apparently, too many wise guys were memorizing the cards that had been played and were thereby beating the dealer in the late going.

Harrah's claimed the fast shuffle would make for more blackjack—which was greeted with a round of silence. Anyway, at week's end they rescinded the order. All that shuffling was hurting the house where it hurts: it reduced the volume of play. So a sucker can still get a nearly even break.

THINK MINISCULE

In a factory in Swansea, Wales, 2,000 employees, working in three shifts, turn out more Mustangs than Ford, more Sting Rays than Chevrolet and more Berlinettas than Ferrari. Of course, all these cars are only a few inches long. In fact, they are Corgis, one of several lines of miniature autos that are now enjoying an extraordinary boom. While life-size new-car sales in the U.S. are currently off 3 3/4% from last year, miniatures are running 300% ahead of 1985, which even baffles the Corgi public relations people. "It's fascinating," said one dazed PR man last week. "The cars don't do anything, like slot racers. If they did something perhaps you could understand it. But they just sit there."

Actually, they do do something: doors, trunks and hoods open and shut, seats tilt and so on, and in the case of James Bond's Aston Martin DB5, Britain's Toy of the Year, Bond's assailant is ejected smartly through the roof.

The little cars are remarkably accurate reproductions of their namesakes, indeed they are often made from blueprints supplied by the big-car manufacturers.

Continued



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HILTON HOTELS

SCORECARD *continued*

But collectors are rarely satisfied. As one of them writes in *C 4 R S* (for Collectors' Automotive Replica Society), a newsletter, "One of my personal gripes is the unexplainable stinginess that most companies have about tires." And while Corgi faithfully puts 10 spokes on the front wheels of its Rollie-Royce Silver Ghost and 14 spokes on the rear wheels, as in the original, its Model T Fords are painted a heretical yellow, rather than the true black, because black didn't sell.

However, the collector's principal complaint is that since the demise of "those lovely pre-war Tootsie-toys," hardly any decent models have been built in the U.S. "Being a model car collector anywhere in the world has its drawbacks as well as its glories," another *C 4 R S* contributor writes. "But I think the American collector has problems completely foreign to the European collector."

I trope is definitely where it's at for the miniature car nut, and between us and Europe lies one Atlantic Ocean. As if that weren't had enough, the geologists tell us we're moving westward three inches a year! Appropriately enough, *C 4 R S* staffers think minuscule

HE WHO DRIES UP MAY BE ALL WET

The Sultan River in Washington is renowned throughout the Northwest for its superb run of winter steelhead. The Sultan also provides water for Everett, the largest city in Snohomish County. Last month Everett Water Superintendent Charles More, desirous of inspecting the underwater concrete of the waterworks, diverted the Sultan for three days, thereby drying up 12 miles of the river. He couldn't have picked a worse time of year. At least 47,000 young steelhead, many due to head out to sea in a few weeks, died, as well as infant silver and Chinook salmon and cutthroat and rainbow trout. Moreover, spawning beds that had just reached a critical stage of development dried up.

The Washington State Sportsmen's Council passed a resolution condemning More's "willful, wanton and reckless" act, asked the state attorney general to prosecute the city and urged the Federal Power Commission to investigate on the grounds that Everett's federal license for the waterworks was granted with the understanding that the city would "preserve and protect fisheries and recreational resources."

Said Commissioner More "Should
continued

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we cater to a couple hundred fishermen, or to 135,000 people worried about their drinking water!" Rejoined the Sportsmen's Council there was no specific threat to the city water supply.

On June 27 the Washington State Game Department presented a bill for \$6,000 to the city of Everett—the cost of restocking the Sultan with steelhead. The bill does not include punitive damages, cost of restocking other species, nor the value of the lost recreation to fishermen. But it does seek to establish a momentous precedent: that multiple users of public waters be legally required to consider the best interests of other users.

PETUNIA

Our man in Philadelphia is smitten with this Marcia Schmid. He says she's a leggy, full-blown, green-eyed, dark-haired doll, who looks like she must do some kind of wild frug and hang out in bikinis. Forget it, Miss Schmid can't frug, and her bathing suits are all of one piece. "What I am is terribly aggressive in the office," says Miss Schmid.

The office is that of the Philadelphia 76ers, and Miss Schmid is, officially, administrative assistant to Owner Irv Kosloff. But since the 76ers have backed around for six months with the vacant general manager's job, and since Miss Schmid will and can do everything except, perhaps, get Wili Chamberlain to attend practice, she may well be, unofficially, the only female general manager in professional sports.

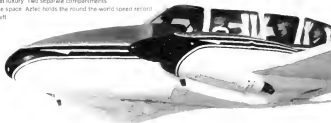
"I love working in a man's world," says Miss Schmid, who worked previously for the Minneapolis and Los Angeles Lakers, and the San Francisco Warriors. "It's terribly unique, like being a petunia in an onion patch. I'd really like to end up as commissioner of the NBA."

THEY SAID IT

- Norbert Schemansky, Olympic weightlifter and now a candidate for the Michigan legislature: "Me and L.B.J., the two strongest Democrats in the country."
- Bill Frost, \$50,000 Giant bonus baby, after being assigned to Fresno of the California League: "I'm taking a little chunk of my money and buying myself a big pillow for the bus."
- Sharon Searight Snell, bride of Jet Fullback Matt Snell: "I follow games with a lot of love and a little misunderstanding."

END

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THE BUCK STOPPED HERE: 1:32³/₅

Back in the brilliant form he showed before an injury to a hoof put him out of the Triple Crown races, Buckpasser smashed the world mile record by three-fifths of a second in the Arlington Classic **by WHITNEY TOWER**

American horsemen, usually reluctant to agree on any aspect of their profession, have at least one common conviction: that the flat mile for a Thoroughbred, somewhat like the 440-yard dash for a track man, is the toughest race on any card. It lies between the run-of-the-mill six-furlong sprints and the classic tests of a mile and a quarter and up, in which no horse can be expected to go all out all the way.

A top miler must be an iron horse. Jockey Bill Boland says, "The mile is like no other race, because a horse has no chance for a breather, and he cannot afford to make even one mistake. It is strictly a test of pure speed. From the time the gate opens it is all 'go.'" Trainer Eddie Neloy agrees. "In a mile a speed horse must carry his speed beyond six furlongs," Neloy says. "And if he's a come-from-behind horse he has to stay within striking distance."

Last week, when Neloy showed up in Chicago for the 38th running of the one-mile Arlington Classic (billed all week as the race of the year), he brought with him a perfect combination of teamwork and speed. Before the crowd staggered home in the 90° heat, it had seen one of Neloy's charges, Buckpasser, break the world record by three-fifths of a second

after another Neloy-trained colt, Impressive, had softened up the opposition by unofficially cracking two other world marks along the way. Buckpasser's final time of 1:32³/₅ eclipsed the 1:33¹/₅ recorded 10 years ago by Swaps at Hollywood Park and since equaled by Intentionally in 1959 at Chicago's Washington Park, by Psa Star at Arlington last summer and, just a week ago at Arlington again, by Hedevar.

Even aside from the astonishing time of this Classic, it really was the race of the year—so far. The eight-horse field was loaded with attractions. One of them, of course, was Mike Ford's Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner, Kauni King. Another was Creme dela Creme, beaten only once in eight lifetime starts (he was withheld from the Triple Crown events). Buckpasser had never met these two before. His only defeat in five starts this year had come in his first outing, when he lost by four and a half lengths over seven furlongs at Hialeah. Who had beaten the former 2-year-old champion, winner of nine of 11 races and \$568,096 in 1985? His stablemate, Impressive, that's who.

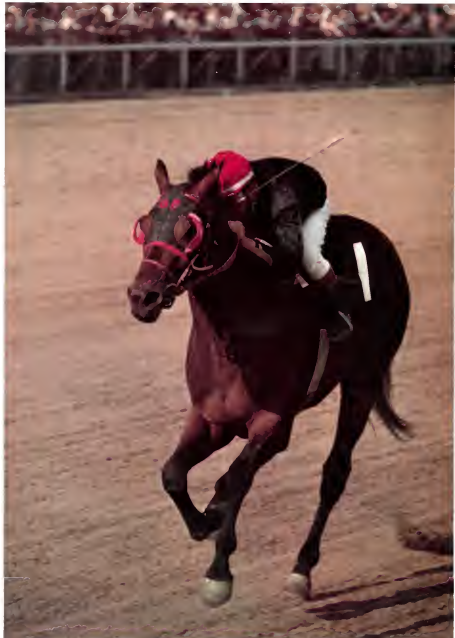
Major \$100,000 races have a way of creating their own electric atmosphere, and even in Chicago, where champions of

all ages have appeared for many years, nothing had approached last week's Arlington Classic in both local and national interest since the late Ben Lindheimer staged the Nashua-Swaps match race in 1955. Now it was Ben's able daughter, Marje Lindheimer Everett, executive vice-president of Arlington, who was putting on the show, and she did it in a style that would have made old Ben proud. Under her orders the Classic, which for years had been run under allowance conditions, was changed to a handicap. Said Marje, "At this time of year in allowance races among 3-year-olds you often find the wrong horse getting weight off. In a handicap, however, horses can be weighted according to their current form. That makes for both a better and truer race." With this in mind, Arlington Handicapper Larry Marsh put 126 pounds on Kauai King, 125 on Buckpasser, 123 on Creme dela Creme and 120 on Impressive.

While there was no audible argument about the weights, the stable area buzzed with rumors. Mike Ford had announced earlier that Kauni King was due

continued

Driving hard at the wire, Bazaar brings Buckpasser flying home ahead of a strong field.





for an extended rest after his fourth-place finish in the June 4 Belmont Stakes. Why had he changed his mind and ordered the King made ready for the Classic and a meeting with two such fresh speedsters as Buckpasser and Creme dela Creme?

Ford's trainer, Henry Forrest, was against it, and said so, and then he went off with Jockey Bill Hartack to win the Cornhusker Handicap at Ak-Sar-Ben with Ford's other star, Royal Gunner. That left Ford to answer the question himself. "Kauai King is ready to run, so we'll run him," he said. "I know there's all that speed in there, so this time, instead of trying to lay back, we're going to bounce out pretty good, settle in stride and try to keep Impressive from stealing too much of a lead. I'd like to see us stay close to Creme dela Creme, but we've got to move by about the three-eighths pole."

As it turned out, Trainer Forrest was a better judge of his Derby champion than Owner Ford. On the morning of the race groomers hosed down the King's left foreleg for nearly an hour. In the race itself Kauai was never in the hunt. "He stumbled three times in the first quarter of a mile," said Jockey Don Brumfield, after bringing him home a dead-tired fifth, beaten over four lengths. "I hope I'm wrong about it, but this colt is hurting. He's not right." The next day a dejected Mike Ford confirmed Brumfield's suspicions when he announced Kauai King's immediate retirement because of pulled suspensory ligaments in the left foreleg. It did not make Forrest feel any better to know that his star performer had been injured while racing against his trainer's better judgment. It was also unpleasant news for the people who had just joined in a \$2,520,000 syndicate to purchase Kauai King. With the King's racing career over, Ford offered syndicate members a chance to get out. Those who stayed in to participate in Kauai's stud career, Ford said, would get a \$10,000 rebate on their original \$70,000 per share.

If luck was against Ford during the month of June, it sided most definitely with Owner Ogden Phipps, Neloy and Buckpasser. A superbly put-together bay son of Tom Fool from the War Admiral

mare Busanda, Buckpasser lost the first start of his career and later The Futurity, to Priceless Gem, last season. This year his trouble had been a tendency to loaf on the lead, and it nearly cost him a victory in the now famous betless "Chicken Flamingo," but he pulled himself together magnificently and nosed out Abe's Hope. Then, in March, while Graustark, Abe's Hope and the rest of the big boys (including Kauai King) were being cranked up for their assault on the Kentucky Derby, Buckpasser suffered a quarter crack on the inside of his right fore coronary band. It could have meant months on the sidelines, it could have meant treatment with the Bane patch, which was successful with Northern Dancer but is not suitable for every variety of quarter crack. After thinking it over for a few weeks, Trainer Neloy decided to take the advice of his harness-racing friend Billy Haughton and try a special type of fiber-glass patch perfected by a trotting trainer-driver named Joe Grasso. Buckpasser was forced to skip all three Triple Crown races this year. Tom Fool, also had missed the three yet at the age of 4 became Horse of the Year after winning all 10 of his starts), but the patch worked. On the day of the Belmont, when Neloy was starting Suspicious against Kauai King, he also brought Buckpasser back in a six-furlong allowance, his first race since the March 3rd Flamingo. The colt won so easily that Braulio Baeza jumped off his back and said to Neloy, "Boss, I think we're starting the wrong horse in the Belmont." Baeza may have been right, because two weeks later Buckpasser won the Leonard Richards Stakes at Delaware Park, and Neloy packed him off to Chicago.

Ogden Phipps paced the paddock before the race and remarked, "Buckpasser has never looked so cranky." Then he looked around and added, "Creme dela Creme is the one to beat today." Creme dela Creme's trainer, Ira (Babe) Hanford, was also taking in the scene. "This is going to be fast and furious," he said, "and no matter who wins, it won't be easy." It wasn't.

The Arlington track has a firm base. Trainers believe it is safe, because it is uniformly firm instead of being dotted with soft spots. Nevertheless, Hanford warned, "This track is so fast you can hear the horses rattle."

They rattled, all right, when the gate

latch was sprung at 5:54 p.m. on a glorious, cloudless day. Impressive, under Jockey Kenny Knapp, followed orders faithfully, darting from his outside post position into an immediate lead. First Pretense tried to stay with him, and then He Jr. took up the chase. Kauai King was having his troubles and stumbling, but already everyone's attention was focused on Buckpasser, who was trailing Impressive by 10 lengths on the backstretch. On the front end, his stablemate was flying. Impressive ticked off the first quarter in 22½ and the half in 43½ (beating the official four-furlong world record of 45). "He's going to steal it," people began to murmur, as Impressive rolled on at a pace never seen before. The electric lights of the Vismatic timer on the tote board blinked again: six furlongs in 1:06½. The world record, set by Crazy Kid at Del Mar in 1962 and equaled three years later at Golden Gate Fields by Admirably, is 1:07½. But now the big horse—which is the way horsemen refer to the star performer of any stable—was getting into the act.

"I hit Buckpasser once going into the far turn," said Baeza, "and he started to roll. I hit him again at the quarter pole and once more at the 16th pole, just as we took the lead." Buckpasser was a magnificent sight in his memorable run down the stretch. On his own he had run three quarters in a shade over 1:08, and now he and Baeza paid Impressive back for his early work by pounding out the last quarter in 24 seconds flat. Creme dela Creme, highly regarded after his victory in the Jersey Derby, was second, beaten only a length and three-quarters. Surprisingly, He Jr. hung on for third, another three-quarters back, just necking out Impressive, who had a length and a half on Kauai King. Behind them came Eladio, Crown Land and Pretense.

As the time of 1:32½ shone on the tote board it brought a roar of excited comment from the crowd. Chicagoans had not been that impressed when Buckpasser visited their town last September and won the Arlington-Washington Futurity. But they will never forget him now. Their old hero had been Graustark, undefeated at Arlington in three starts. The greatest compliment a Chicagoan could give Buckpasser was heard during the rush for the parking lots: "Even Graustark would never have beaten this colt today."

END

Owner Phipps stands proudly in the winner's circle as Baeza maintains his imperious air.

A DOLEFUL DAY FOR RYUN: 3:58.6

At 19 Kansas' young supermiler has run out of nvals—except for the clock. Last Sunday he won his second straight national title but failed to approach the world record as he lost his race with time

by GWILYN S. BROWN



It is proved with increasing vehemence each time he runs the mile that 19-year-old Jim Ryun's race is only against the clock. In the U.S., at least, there is no man who can beat him. Even Ryun himself has finally accepted this often painful challenge, and now when he falls short of a world record, however intriguing the race, it is difficult to convince the paying customers that they have not been cheated. It is almost as hard to convince Jim Ryun. He likes to win, of course, but he desperately wants to win fast.

Last week's National AAU track and field championships in New York should certainly have been something more than a showcase for a mile run. Not only were national titles at stake, but also two spots in each of 18 events on the national team that will compete later this month in California in dual meets with teams from Poland and Russia. But Ryun was entered in the mile, and when Ryun is going to run the mile a track fan's heart beats a little faster, his stopwatch twitches expectantly, the world record seems only a click away, and other faces and other events, however fast or fiercely contested, are jostled into the background.

This is unfortunate, because very often the record-breaking race that everyone is so wild to see collapses as though shot down by the starter's pistol. That certainly describes what happened last Sunday on Randall's Island. The field of eight runners moved away from the starting line and through the first curve in the quarter-mile track like men tiptoeing across an icy pond. The boos and catcalls from the record-hungry crowd began at the end of the first quarter, which was run in a dawdling 63.3 seconds. The pattern continued through the second and third quarters, and the race did not really begin until only 200 yards were left, Ryun, leading the field into the last turn, suddenly shot forward as if prodded from behind by an electric cane.

Jim Grelle, who plays his role of runner-up as if born to it, belatedly began his chase after Ryun's rapidly vanishing back, and Dyrrol Burleson, his lips bubbling like a pair of bellows, sprinted after Grelle. At the finish it was Ryun first in 3:58.6, 10 yards ahead of Burleson and 15 ahead of Grelle. He had covered the last quarter in the amazingly fast time of 52.6 seconds, the last 220 yards in 25.4.

Ryun had given the Northeast its first sub-four-minute mile outdoors and he declared himself "pleased with the result." But he said this with something that looked more like a scowl than a smile. The fact is that Ryun is ready to go for a world record practically everytime he climbs into his pink running shorts and his pale blue Kansas jersey. The only thing he is not ready to do is talk about it. A try at the record is something referred to obliquely in vague, hushed tones, as if it were an eccentric maiden aunt locked in the attic.

Last Sunday morning, before the race, Ryun left little doubt as to what he hoped to achieve that afternoon on the banks of the East River. He rose from his bed at the New York Hilton at 8 a.m., put on a dark suit, a white shirt and a dark tie and went downstairs to the coffee shop for a breakfast of V-8 juice, Cream of Wheat, two fried eggs over and a question or two from a reporter.

Would he compete in another mile before the Polish and Russian meets, in which he would run 1,500 meters?

"I don't really know," he said. "That depends on what happens today."

Winning that afternoon and making the national team would surely be an accomplishment to be proud of, but would he be proud if he did it on the strength of something like a 4:03 mile?

Ryun laughed gleefully, but his answer was cautious: "Maybe I'd better just say that . . . uh . . . a faster time would be preferred."

On his way back to the hotel lobby Ryun glanced in the Sunday sports section of *The New York Times*. He held the paper in both hands and gaped wordlessly at a banner headline across

the top of the page: BUCKPASSER SETS WORLD RECORD IN ARLINGTON MILE. After a long minute he looked up and grinned sheepishly.

"It took me awhile to catch on," he said. "I thought, 'Who is this guy Buckpasser? Where is the Arlington Mile?' I guess I'm still sleepy."

That afternoon he seemed a bit sleepy still, as did the entire mile field, which was mildly surprising in view of the fact that Dyrrol Burleson was running. Burleson, national mile champion in 1959, 1961 and 1963 and an Olympic 1,500-meter finalist in both 1960 and 1964, had been out of serious competition for a time and his return had the others just a bit edgy.

After the 1964 Olympics, Burleson went to Sweden to live for six months, later returned home to work on his master's degree in physical education at the University of Oregon and generally avoided spotlight competition. On Saturday, a hot, muggy day, he won the first of the two qualifying heats in the mile by ripping off a fast 54.8 final quarter that carried him home in 4:06.2, a full second ahead of Jim Grelle. Moments later Ryun took his heat in an even more leisurely 4:06.4, but he and everyone else seemed very much impressed with Burleson's long, fast, sustained finish.

"These slow heats aren't going to wear anyone out," said Burleson. "As a matter of fact, I think mine did me a lot of good. Made me feel a little sharper. I've had a cold, and I haven't had much of a chance to work out hard."

What about the 3:53 mile that both Grelle and Ryun have referred to?

"I don't believe in running off at the mouth," said Burleson. "The running should be done on the track."

Grelle, the elder statesman of American mile running, said to the youthful Ryun, "Don't worry. He won't be able to sprint like that off a fast three-quarters in the final."

Everyone assumed that Grelle would put that theory to the test Sunday afternoon, but he seemed strangely reluctant to do so, and Ryun, who doesn't talk

continued

Running briskly with a tap to go, Ryun leads ex-champions Burleson (2) and Grelle (3).

about it but who apparently has great confidence in his ability to sprint with anyone, saw no need to. The slow, early pace eventually forced Ryun to take the lead, with Greffe tailing along like a shadow and Burleson coming here farther back, but the race snarled along. The first quarter was passed in 63.3, the half mile in 2:05.8 and the three-quarters in an eminently raceable 3:06.1. The pace seemed made to order for Burleson, who stumps along on his heels in a sort of awkward, duck-footed, elbows-akimbo shuffle, and who in the last stages of a slow race can lift up and fly off like a dash man.

"Sure, I was concerned about Burle's fast finish," Greffe said later, "but I didn't think trying to get out in front and set a faster pace myself was the answer."

He never did find an answer. When Ryun took off in that last dash to the tape, Burleson swung out around Greffe, passed him with 70 yards to go and, though decisively beaten by Ryun, finished second and made the national team with surprising ease. Greffe finished a disappointing third, almost five full seconds off his best mile time of the year.

Under the best of circumstances a championship meet usually will exert a depressing effect on record attempts. Bob Seagrén, who at 19 holds the pending world pole-vault record of 17 feet 5½ inches, won his event with a vault of 17 but missed in his tries at 17 feet 6. Ralph Boston, at 27 the broad-jump record holder with a leap of 27 feet 4½, won his sixth straight national title in spite of getting out no farther than 26 feet 3½. Randy Matson, 20, who holds the world shotput record of 70 feet 7¾, won with a modest toss of 64 feet 2¾. George Young, the ex-steplechaser, won the three mile in 13:27.4.

A significant victory went to 22-year-old Willie Davenport, who, after three years in the Army, has just finished his freshman year at Southern University in Baton Rouge, La. His close rival from the indoor season, Tennessee's Richmond Flowers (51, June 6) is sitting out the track season with a leg injury suffered during spring football practice, and thus Willie has clear title to being the finest hurdler in the world. He does not just jump over a hurdle; he attacks it, slamming his leading foot down as he clears the top with the supple grace of a ballet dancer, already concentrat-

ing on the next assault directly ahead. Davenport broke the tape at the finish of the 120-yard high hurdles in 13.3, just

1 second off the seven-year-old world record held jointly by Martin Lauer of Germany and two-time Olympic Champion Lee Calhoun. Past the finish, Davenport floated on a dozen yards or so and pulled the tape off his head with the leisurely indolence of a woman removing her hat, while what remained of this country's best hurdlers flourished across the finish line well back of him.

Of significance also was the reappearance on the national scene of Billy Mills, the 1964 Olympic 10,000 meter champion. A year ago at this meet in San Diego, Mills and Gerry Lindgren finished in a near dead heat and set a world six-mile record of 27:11.6. Soon after, Mills came down with a virus, had his tonsils removed, went into retirement as a runner, started a career as a life insurance salesman, gained 20 pounds and, after a five-month layoff, felt the itch to run once again and resumed heavy training.

"I'm stronger than I ever was," says Mills, whose speed at whipping himself into shape borders on the mystic. "On April 11 I weighed 168, but now I'm down to 152 and by August I think I'll be faster than I was a year ago." Last Sunday, Mills was not yet fast enough to beat Tracy Smith in the six-mile run, but he made the team that will compete against Eastern Europe.

All in all, there was a multitude of solid performers and solid performances in New York, and our national team should have little trouble in handling both Poland and Russia. But there were some disappointments. One was Lindgren, who had to scratch from both the three-mile and six-mile runs because of an acute case of tracheal bronchitis. Another was Tommie Smith, the world record sprinter, who was absent from the meet because of the thigh injury he incurred a week earlier at the NCAA meet. Both Lindgren and Smith will be added to the U.S. team.

And then, of course, there was Jim Ryun, who has achieved the distinction of being a disappointment when he fails to break the world record.

"He'll have to learn," says Bob Timmons, his coach. "If someone sets a fast pace, fine. Jim can follow along. But if they don't, he'll just have to go out there and do it all himself." **END**

Youngful Bob Seagrén won the pole vault at 17 feet, missed a record 17 feet 6.

AL-LEZI JAZ-Y! AL-LEZI JAZ-Y!

His head lolled from side to side. His eyes stared vacantly wherever his head took them. For all the lack of expression, he had the look of a desperate man. His slender thighs rose up, his legs reached out, but the step was short. The lift, the almost unbelievable lift that so often had brought his watching countrymen to full Gallic throat, was not there. A good 20 yards ahead of his nearest rival, Michel Jazy gamely plunged through the wool yarn stretched across the four-lane track in August Bonal Stadium but before anybody looked at a watch, the truth was known. The national hero was a failure.

Jazy's time for the 1,500 meters was 3:36.3, not good, because it only equaled his own European record and was merely the third-fastest 1,500 meters ever run. It was, furthermore, all of seven-tenths of a second off Herb Elliott's world record—hardly a treat for a crowd that had already been told by the public address announcer, "This could well be a record. Let's hope for it."

Michel Jazy has just turned 30. For six years now he has been as important to French national pride as Algerian oil, its delta-winged Concorde, which will fly 1,500 mph at 18,000 meters "pour limiter les effets du 'RANG'" and its women, whose chic is still unchallenged by the miniskirt. The pressures of his position sometimes have been unbearable for Jazy, but as he got ready for his great effort last weekend he seemed not only to be enjoying his predicament but to be digging himself deeper into it. He dropped hints. At Rennes, where the year before he had set the world mile record, he ran a fast 1,500 meters and said, "I am ready." You could practically hear the nation turn on.

The August Bonal track, as good as any in France, sits in the middle of a huge Peugeot car manufacturing complex in Sochaux, an Alsatian city which, in turn, snuggles down between the Vosges and Swiss Jura Mountains at the bottom of a long, lush valley. Paternalistic Peugeot owns the track, along with almost everything else in Sochaux, where its 25,000 workers live in Peugeot housing developments and play on any of dozens of Peugeot teams. As Gaston Pretot, manager of the company's 165-man track team and himself an 8-to-4 man on the plant says, "Everything we eat, even that is Peugeot."

But not M. Peugeot himself could guarantee the condition of the track. For seven days the weather, usually changeable, held steady. On the eighth day Pretot cast an eye at the sky and said, "As long as the wind keeps up we're all right. When it stops, I worry."

He had lots to worry about. Radiodiffusion-Television Française, the national network, had announced that it was cutting the race in live on its 8 o'clock Saturday night news broadcast. All over France people who had never seen a track and field meet were talk-

ing about this race and predicting a new world record.

About the only person unaffected by all the excitement was the new Jazy. Behind the wheel of his cream-colored Peugeot with black convertible top, he made the tiring trip from Paris in five hours, arriving at noon Friday. He worked out easily for an hour that afternoon, repeated the performance on Saturday morning and retired to his quarters in the Hôtel de France, a sequestered pile of gray stone and long shutters. Directly under his room the local electrical company workers had their annual banquet and sang, among other clever things, the uproarious chanson, "Swallow just a little at a time." It could be heard in the next canton, but Jazy slept like a hibernating bear.

When he arrived downstairs refreshed at 5:15 p.m., the once famously edgy athlete announced that he had been studying the Americans and had learned to relax. Over a cup of *café*, he explained with disarming candor that three weeks before he had been biting his fingernails, snapping at his wife and would not have spoken to a reporter for all the records in the book, including the triple jump. "But I am in shape," he said, "and when I am in shape I am relaxed."

The nervous tension and the responsibility of being a national hero did not really hit Jazy until he stepped out on the track 15 minutes before race time. Then he hit his rails, and for a few minutes he hung limply over stacked hurdles, looking very much like a seasick man at the rail. He had placed himself in the position of Babe Ruth pointing at the center-field stands, but his task was infinitely harder. Ruth had hit homers before. Nobody had run as fast as Elliott.

The wind blew away the clouds and then at 8 in the evening calmed to a whisper. It was refreshingly cool on the track, though not cold. Jazy, given the inside lane, whipped through 400 meters in 56.4 (to Elliott's 58.2), 800 in 1:56.2 (to Elliott's 1:58.8) and 1,200 meters in 2:54.4 (to Elliott's 2:54). By the middle of the third lap Jazy was all alone; his competition never developed. How could it at that pace? As he glided in that flowing, seemingly effortless style of his around the last curve and down the home stretch, the spectators shouted in unison, "Al-lezi Jaz-y! Al-lezi Jaz-y!"

When it was over, there were momentary recriminations—which was not odd considering the circumstances. The pace was too slow, someone said; the good runners did not help. But Jazy thought he still had it in his legs to get Elliott's record. "I'm in good shape," he said. "My season isn't over." When it is, however, he swears that it will be his last. He has been thinking about the next Olympics, he said before the race, and Mexico is a "secondale." Jazy will quit rather than run at the "unfair altitude," and if that isn't enough of a BANG! for the French, they had better fly the Concorde a little lower.

—ANDREW CRICHTON



EL SPAHNIE OF LOS TIGRES

Warren Spahn, most successful left-hander in baseball history, traveled south of the border as a pitching coach, but he could not resist one more chance to start a game *by MYRON COPE*

On their fifth day in Mexico City Warren and LoRene Spahn rose at 7:30 a.m. to look after their 17-year-old son, Greg, who had fallen feverish victim to the *tormenta*, an onslaught of disorders that the city's food, water and altitude often impose upon American tourists. The Spahns had come south of the border on Tuesday in a gay mood—"a businessman's holiday," Spahn called it. Alejo Peralta, a wealthy businessman who owns the Mexico City Tigers and is devoted to improving the breed of ball-player found in his country, had invited Spahn to spend four leisurely weeks in the city, with pay. Spahn, the greatest of all left-handers, would work with Tiger pitchers. He would not be obliged to go on road trips. "I'm combining business with a vacation," he said. "We've got a chance to see Mexico."

As the days passed, however, the vacation acquired a new aspect. Hector Barnetteche, the Tigers' 23-year-old general manager, was after Spahn to take a turn pitching. At 45, Spahn still considered himself a pitcher. His arm, he insisted, was sound. Only three years ago he had won 23 games for Milwaukee, but last year was strictly Skidsville, producing only seven victories after he passed from the Braves to the Mets and the Giants. Over the winter the Giants released him. He phoned a number of clubs but in each instance was politely told the roster had been filled by young pitchers.

"I don't want to be one of these guys who raps the game after he leaves it," Spahn said in Mexico. Though without rancor, he nevertheless was heavily disappointed, convinced that a man who had rolled up 363 big-league wins deserved better than to be shown the door after only two off years. "I did not retire," he repeated many times. "Baseball retired me."

Spahn's wife urged him to refuse Barnetteche's invitation to pitch. "You've got nothing to gain," she told him. "Suppose you hurt yourself. Or suppose you do a bad job. The wire services might pick up the story." In the States people would say, "The old man doesn't know when to quit." Many would surmise he

was broke. Warren Spahn would be a Joe Louis groping along the comeback trail in the lowly Mexican League at that.

He chose to pitch. "I don't care what the public thinks," he said. Would he get an attendance bonus from the Tigers? "No comment," he answered, smiling coyly.

Now Spahn sat alone in his room in the El Presidente Hotel on the day he would pitch. It was a Saturday, and a hot one. Greg revied uncomfortably in the adjoining room, and LoRene had gone shopping with a friend. Time hanging heavy on him, Spahn read an English-language newspaper from front to back, but he could not find any big-league box scores that would tell him what was happening in the places he wanted to be. He worked the crossword puzzle and, coming to 34 horizontal, tried to find a six-letter synonym for "not at home." Well, didn't "dismal" fit? At 5:30 Barnetteche drove him to the ball park, an ancient double-decked bowl of concrete and green corrugated metal, plastered from foul pole to foul pole with three tiers of garish billboards. The stadium's name heaped irony upon Spahn—it is called Social Security Baseball Park.

"Until this year," Spahn said with determined cheerfulness in the clubhouse, "I never saw the spring unfold in Oklahoma. Being out of baseball is not as bad as you'd think." He sat in front of an old metal locker, his spikes resting on the brick floor. "Look. I've seen guys here who could play in the majors," he pressed on. "I saw a pick-off play the other night that was as good as anything I ever saw in the majors." Nobody was going to catch Warren Spahn looking melancholy. "I'm pitching tonight because I enjoy pitching."

The Tiger players, champions of the league, beamed when Spahn entered the dugout. To a man, they loved their new pitching coach, this bald, beak-nosed old hero who greeted them with a circus clown's smile, his eyes rolling up in his head and his mouth rubbering into a quarter moon. He was both elder statesman and Cantinflas. He had only to glance in the direction of Fernando

Remes, a handsome little shortstop, and Remes would smile from ear to ear. He, Fernando Remes, from the village of Montemorelos in the state of Nuevo Leon, had been appointed by the great Warren Spahn to act as his interpreter.

"For this great figure to talk to us guys, it is very modest of him," said Remes. "He is—how do you say it?—openharted."

A photographer grouped the players around Spahn for a squad picture. "I can see the headlines now," Spahn belted, managing a grin. "Spahn broke, pitching in Mexico." He was not broke, he pointed out. In Oklahoma his 2,800-acre cattle ranch yields only a small return on his capital, but the land constantly grows in value. He owns houses in Florida, has an interest in a Holiday Inn, and has a daily TV show under discussion with a Tulsa station.

Spahn had been making slow but dogged headway with his new pitching pupils, who even when they did not understand his instructions nodded brightly that they did. "It's kind of frustrating," he said. Few Mexicans have succeeded in the big leagues because, the explanation goes, they grow homesick too easily and would rather take a siesta than calisthenics. When Spahn ordered his pitchers to run for 15 minutes, they howled in protest, hanging out their tongues like thirsty steers. He would flash five fingers three times to underscore 15 minutes, but his charges would flash two fingers once and say, "10." Yet every man in the white flannels and blue stockings of the Tigers was resolved to play his best alongside the old master whose pride, they knew, was at stake this Saturday night in Social Security Baseball Park.

Despite the fact that this was the night the masses traditionally go to the movies, a good crowd of more than 6,000 fans turned out to see Spahn. A burst of cheers rolled across the dugout roof as he trotted up the steps and proceeded with his ducklike gait to the mound to face the Jalisco Charros (Cowboys). He would admit later that he had not known the name of the team he pitched against.

As he studied his catcher's first signal, his left hand held the ball on his but-

continued

stocks, the posture familiar to two decades of Spahn fans, and then he was into his famous pendulum windup, both hands sweeping forward to eye level, then downward and back. His right knee kicked high in the air, and from somewhere behind that knee Warren Spahn's fast ball sailed at a little man named Francisco Garcia. Garcia jumped on it and bounced out to third.

"How was he? Quick?" Garcia was asked in the dugout.

"Pretty fast for a man his age."

"How would you know? You didn't wait to look."

"Well, I didn't want to wait for Warren Spahn's screw ball and look foolish."

The second batter chose to wait, and on a 3-2 pitch lined a single to left field. Spahn's curve was not breaking—the thin air of Mexico City, 7,800 feet high, offers little of the resistance a curve needs—so now he fired a fast ball to a rangy Negro from the Virgin Islands, Elrod Hendricks. Hendricks caught it on the handle of his bat and bloomed it over second base. There were runners on first and second, and Spahn knew that here, against a band of Latin kids who averaged less than \$400 a month, he could do nothing right.

He shook off his catcher's next sign. Sergio Gonzalez, the stocky young catcher, had gone into the game saying, "I am very emotional for Spahn tonight. I am going to guade him the best in my life, the best I ever catch for anybody." But Spahn, who throughout his career had lasted after victories as few pitchers have, was realizing the ignominy of his predicament and was determined that if he were to lose, it would be by his own wits.

His next pitch, alas, hit the dirt in front of the plate. Suddenly, from the first-base grandstand came a shrill, contemptuous chorus of Latin Americans whistling through their teeth. Followers of the hated Mexico City Reds attend Tiger games, convening on the first-base side to whistle at Tiger failures. Spahn was choice prey. As if in reply, he cut loose with a rakish submarine delivery. It was outside, and the whistles came louder.

He went to his fast ball but the hitter bounced it through the infield, driving in a run and sending Hendricks to third. "You stupid ass," Spahn told himself,

"your wife was right. What the hell are you doing here?"

The old man was unraveling. Trying to pick off the runner at first, he hit his first baseman's chest on one bounce. More whistling drilled at his ears. Before he was able to get the side out, he gave up a walk and then a sacrifice fly that brought in a second run.

"How'd it feel?" he was asked in the dugout.

"Strange. Everything's just strange. That's the first time I've pitched in a game since September." He forced the clown's smile upon his face.

In keeping with the informality of Mexican baseball, sportswriters, total strangers and small boys milled in the dugout. Spahn retreated to a corner where, still smiling gallantly, he placed a friendly hand on his catcher's shoulder and quietly tried to explain to him that he could not tell whether he was flashing two, three or four fingers when he gave the signs. From Del Crandall and Joe Torre, Spahn had arrived at Sergio Gonzalez, unhappily. Knowing Gonzalez frequently would not call the pitch he wanted to throw, Spahn gently advised him that he sometimes would ignore his signs rather than shake them off and embarrass him before the fans.

At the opposite end of the dugout the Tigers' manager, a man of stolid Indian features named Ricardo Garza, was deciding to evade his responsibilities at any cost. "I wouldn't like to take Spahn out," he said. "He can pitch as long as he wants to."

Spahn gave up only one hit, a drag bunt, in the second inning, and as the Tigers trotted to the dugout a cry rang out in Spanish. "Let's help the old man!" But the Tiger batters were pressing, and they could do nothing with the Jalisco pitcher, a chesty little kid named Fidel Vega, who for his size threw surprisingly hard. Meanwhile, Spahn himself seemed to grow stronger. In the third inning he was mixing up his pitches, setting the batters up, playing the cat-and-mouse game that had carried him to greatness. He had lived on craft, not muscle, and it was partly for this reason that he had said no when Chub Feeney of the Giants asked him to come to spring training for a look-see, without a contract. A craftsman does not allow himself to be demeaned. Spahn's pride was well-known. No club made him an offer because, he suspected, the general managers were

ashamed to suggest the salary they were willing to risk.

He had been whistled at derisively, but he had fought back and silenced the whistlers, for now Warren Spahn was in a pitchers' duel with Fidel Vega. As if touched by this tense turn of events, the iron hand of Mexican League discipline cracked down. The umpire marched to the Tigers' dugout and ordered a Yankee journalist to put out his cigar.

"One more inning and that's it," Spahn told Manager Garza after he had worked the fourth. He was still trailing, 2-0, and the altitude and his lack of conditioning were wearing him down. Still, he was pleased, because he had not expected to pitch more than three innings and because his changeup, wild in the first inning, was now working. "I'm trying to teach these guys the change," Spahn said. "I wanted to get at least one over the plate so I can say, 'See...'"

Beside him, the smiling interpreter, Fernando Remes, patted Spahn's knee and said, "He is a nice teacher."

"Yeah," Spahn answered, "but the teacher's losing."

"You won many, many games before," Spahn drew a finger across the word *Tigres* on his shirt. "This is the team. This is tonight."

Remes patted his knee again, saying gently, "The game is not over, Warren."

The fifth inning would be the last, perhaps, that Warren Spahn would ever pitch. He faced the top of the Jalisco batting order and went to work setting up the batters for the pitch of his choice. The leadoff man went down, cutting viciously as Spahn's screwball dipped under his bat, and the second batter struck out the same way. Elrod Hendricks stepped to the plate. Earlier, Spahn had made note of his quick, powerful swing and had wondered why Hendricks was not in the big leagues. Hendricks, a catcher, had in fact played four years of minor league ball in the States, but a succession of broken bones caused him to be adjudged too brittle. "I still think someone ought to take a chance on him," Spahn had insisted, sympathetic to a fellow outcast.

Hendricks flashed his bat into Spahn's first pitch. The ball rose in a great arc, heading toward the right-field corner 352 feet away and disappeared far over the bleachers—foul by several feet. Spahn leaned forward and stared with mock rage at Hendricks until Hendricks

continued



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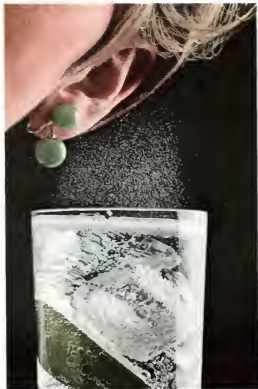
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stepped out of the box laughing. "What are you trying to do?" Spahn barked. "Make the old man look bad?"

He wheeled into a grotesque submarine delivery, almost scraping his knuckles in the dirt, and just as he let the ball slip from his fingers he cried menacingly to Hendricks, "Look out."

The pitch rose soft and dinky, floating over the umpire's head. Instantly, the Reds' fans were back in action, whistling, but this time there was *fervor* in the air, for any fool could see that the warhorse meant to go out laughing, on good terms. He submarined the ball again, wickedly fast this time—but six feet outside, a direct hit on the screen. Then turning serious, Spahn resumed his overarm motion, firing a strike and then getting Hendricks on a fly to right field. In his five innings Spahn had given up seven hits, but all were singles and five of them were so cheap that a big-league infield would have turned most of them into outs.

Beneath the smile that Spahn wore as he returned to the dugout, he knew that as matters now stood, the wire services would report to Americans in the morning that he had suffered defeat at the hands of the obscure Jalisco Charros. He wanted to go to his hotel, but he could not resist waiting to see if the Tigers, held to two hits thus far, could save his honor in their half of the fifth.

The first batter walked, and then Gonzalez, the catcher, bunted him to second. Now Spahn himself was at bat. Turning to the catcher, the bilingual Elrod Hendricks, he said, "Tell the umpire I said he worked a wonderful game for me." Then Spahn struck out. Two outs, and now the issue was in the hands of Interpreter Remes.

Oh! Remes cracked a double down the left-field line, driving in a run. The crowd, having been informed by the public-address announcer that Spahn was through and therefore knowing the stakes, exploded like a Notre Dame football throw.

"Albio, alabio, aki-bin-hoa-ha

Tigres, tigres,

Rah, rah, rah."

Oh! again. Ramiro Rubio tripled into the right center-field pocket, and Spahn was off the hook. Tiger players swarmed over him, pumping his hand, pounding his back. His voice boomed, "I need 11 victories to be the winningest pitcher in

National League history, and if I get this one in I'm gonna count it. Come wwwn, Castro." Arnoldo Castro, the Tigers' star power hitter, was at bat.

Fidel Vega, not as chesty as he had been earlier, fired his first pitch for a strike, but then he fell behind, pitching low twice. "Ah, si," murmured Spahn. Vega had to make the next pitch a strike, and Arnoldo Castro knew it. The pitch sailed letter high on the outside corner. Castro met it. Though right-handed, he drove the ball high to right field—deep but not quite deep enough to clear the fence—so high that the right fielder, running methodically to his left, seemed sure of catching it.

Yet Hector Barretoche, the young general manager who had enticed Spahn into risking his self-respect, was on his feet in the dugout, shouting happily. A year ago he had played right field for the Tigers until he hurt his shoulder, and he knew instantly that the Jalisco right fielder had neglected one factor. Mexico City's stiff night breeze causes balls hit to right to slide from the top of their arc like a golf ball. Barretoche himself had learned to "play to a spot" to anticipate the slice and sprint headlong to the ball's destination point. The Jalisco right fielder, seeing his error, was sprinting, but too late. He lunged, but the ball fell beyond his glove in the extremity of the right-field corner.

Social Security Baseball Park shook to the rafters. When the noise at last faded away, only the voice of an old pitcher, never satisfied in his hunger for another win, was heard crying into the night. "More runs!" commanded Warren Spahn.

Alas, while Spahn rode to his hotel the Charros tied the game in the eighth, and though the Tigers came back to win in the ninth, Spahn's victory had slipped away. Yet his predation, issued with bravado, that he would enjoy the evening, had come true. He did not know if he would pitch in Mexico again. He needed a week to think it over, he said, agreeing that a victory there would prove nothing. If he had been able to read Spanish, however, he would have learned that to Mexicans he already had proved his enduring quality. In its account of the game, Sunday morning's edition of *Novelas* called upon an old Mexican proverb: "The rich man has more when he becomes poor than the poor man has when he gets rich."

END



How much TENNIS do you know?

- What is the Wightman Cup?
- Should there be a universal surface for tennis?
- When should you give your son or daughter tennis lessons?
- How do you learn a serve "wide to the backhand"?
- Is there a good Racquet Club in Puerto Rico?
- How tall is Arthur Ashe?
- Is Spahn still in the Davis Cup competition?
- Where can you take tennis lessons in Colorado Springs or Chicago or Miami?
- Is "wack the ball" a good hint for correcting tennis faults?
- Can small players become great champions?
- Who won the Italian National title and how far did the Americans get?
- Can any linesman call a footfault?
- How does Vic Seixas get topspin on the ball?
- What are the "name brand" tennis rackets?
- Where does a service weakness scarcely show up?
- What is the "round of 16"?
- Where can you buy attractive tennis dresses?
- Is there a hotel that offers tennis in Washington, D.C.?
- Did the U.S. beat Australia in the Federation Cup?
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Answers in the July issue of
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A WET WONDROUS WAY TO JOY

A total of 45 ocean-racing yachts are hanging restlessly on their moorings or groaning at dockside in Bermuda's Hamilton Harbour this week as their crews and skippers make ready to set sail on the biggest blue-water race ever scheduled: the 3,500-mile run from Bermuda to Copenhagen. "This large entry list," says a formal bulletin on that race, "is certainly a testimony to the great increase of interest in long-distance ocean racing" (*See cover*). What makes the testimony even more telling is the fact that the yachts heading out across the Atlantic have just completed another race—the biennial 635-mile Newport-to-Bermuda.

Although it is neither the longest nor the roughest of the regularly scheduled blue-water events, the 60-year-old Bermuda race has established itself as the classic of them all. Its course leads through sudden squalls that keep a sailor honest, tracks across a slippery current called the Gulf Stream whose swirls and eddies can cost a skipper the difference in his boat's rated-time allowance, and aims at an island target so small that many a navigator has missed it altogether.

This year's race to the Onion Patch was notable both for too much wind and too little. The course was pockmarked with angry squalls and flat calms. Wind velocities ran from nothing at all to 50 knots. Before the race was done, 10 boats had got into serious trouble and one of them, the U.S. Naval Academy's 71-foot yawl *Royano*, had the galling experience of having to call on its rival service, the U.S. Coast Guard, for help. Over and beyond that catastrophe, there were more cases of seasickness scattered throughout the armada than any veteran could remember.

Thanks to the churlishness of the weather, it was slow going for all the 167 contestants. Jim Kilroy's big aluminum

sloop *Kiafoo II*, the first to pass St. David's Head, took just over 105 hours to make the passage from Newport (tortoise time compared to the record 70 hours 11 minutes set by *Botero* in 1956), and T. Vincent Learson's lively little Cal-40 *Thunderbird*, the overall winner on corrected time, spent almost 112 hours on the trip.

Thunderbird's victory, the most recent in a long series of spectacular wins for this California-built class, was determined by a computer in New York long after Learson had snugged down his boat and headed for his Westchester County home by air. This year, instead of assigning a specific time allowance to each boat according to its Cruising Club of America rating before the race began, the committee decided to try a new trick of electronic handicapping.

As each boat crossed the finish line, its elapsed time was fed into the computer by Telex along with its rating and speed-made-good along the course. When 75% of the fleet was in, the wheels began whirling in New York to construct an average performance curve. Then the actual performance of each boat was measured against this curve to determine its handicap and thus the winner of the race.

Before the final results were in a number of boats were touted to win, but the wise money was on *Thunderbird* long before she came into sight. Under the smart handling of a crew that numbered among its members her designer, Bill Lapworth, and Olympic Sailor Lowell North, *Thunderbird* shot from wave crest to wave crest at such a pace that Lapworth at one point "thought we'd sailed off the edge of the world."

When the frustrating race was over, practically every sailor vowed he would never be caught dead on that particular run again. This is the way of ocean sailors and it leads to

the question: Why do they do it? What carries sensible men into the empty blue? Why do more and more people want to race on the ocean? From Hamilton, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Staff Writer Hugh Whall, a veteran of more than a score of distance races, attempted an answer: "The things that drive a man to ocean sailing," he wrote, "must be pretty much the same as those that drive him to drink. For of all sports, this is the most habit-forming, the most expensive, the most exasperating, the most exciting, the most soothing, the most strenuous, the most uncomfortable and the most fun. No other sport demands such consistent teamwork of its votaries or imposes such irritating intimacy. Ocean crews must learn to live and work together in damp discomfort, straining muscles that have had no time to rest at the barked command of a skipper who may or may not know what he's up to. When the wind is howling like a banshee and darkness turns the horizon into a jagged menace, land can seem very far away, and there is no honest sailor who would not admit to a sense of loneliness and desolation, particularly if he suffers, as I do, from seasickness. Yet as surely as the new day banishes the night, a brisk breeze in the morning under a warm sun and the reassuring scent of bacon crisping in the galley will set the night's terrors scurrying and raise a sailor's spirits again. So always, though you thank God a race is over, you jump at the chance to sign on for the next one."

That is how one sailor feels about ocean racing. It is a feeling doubtless shared by most of the 550-odd heading for Denmark this week. The next 14 pages provide a sample of the beauty they will see on the way, a discussion of the kind of boat that wins for them and a taste of the Nordic hospitality that will greet them when the long race is over.

THE INEFFABLE CURL OF A SAIL

The first transatlantic yacht race was sailed 100 years ago by professional crews. One owner went along for the ride, the others simply waited ashore to collect a bet of \$30,000. Since then, ocean yachtsmen have learned that far richer rewards are earned by working their own boats. Not the least of these are such delights to the eye as are shown here—vast expanses of blue-green sea, the ineffable curl of a white sail and the peaceful dapple of sunlight in some snug anchorage.

PAINTINGS BY TOM ALLEN







Big-boat sailing is full of contrasts: the struggle on the foredeck at sea over how to set a spinnaker (left), the domestic moment at the mooring when the wet sails are hung out to dry like laundry (right) and the peaceful thank-God-it's-over drink.





A HIGH FASHION MODEL TAKES OVER

BY HUGH WHALL

Like those of a woman's skirt, the lines of an ocean-racing boat are dictated by fad, fashion and new materials—and nothing sets a style quicker than winning races. Some people laughed back in 1954 when Carleton Mitchell first unveiled his chubby, comfortable little yawl *Flairterre* and called her a racer. No boat so dowagerlike, they said, could possibly get out of her own way, let alone win a race. But even before *Flairterre* had settled down to one of the most monotonous series of wins in the history of ocean racing (she won the Newport-Bermuda three times, the only boat ever to do so), the scoffers had begun urging their own naval architects to duplicate her lines.

In the case of *Flairterre*, whose form was conceived in the inspired brain of Designer Olin Stephens and whose every plank was placed with meticulous care by Boatbuilder Seth Persson, such duplication was not easy, though imitations were plentiful. Today's envious owner-skippers are luckier, for the winningest racing boat on the ocean scene right now is a mass-produced, one-design fiber-glass stock job that pops out of a mold as much like her sister ships as two Ford Mustangs.

The boat of the 1960s is known generically as the Cal-40, and her collective racing record is spectacular. In the first year that the class appeared, a Cal-40 called *Compasador* beat all the famed custom-built old-timers around the southern circuit. Next year a handful of Cal-40s set sail across the Pacific on the 2,225-mile Los Angeles-to-Honolulu race. One of them, Don Salisbury's *Pisces*, came in first overall, another placed second and another sixth. Early this year, for the second time, another Cal-40 (Ted Turner's *Fancy X*) won overall in the prestigious SORC. In the Cape May-to-Newport race last month, Cal-40s finished first and third in their class. continued

A courageous ocean sailor tightropeing his way forward along the boom to make an adjustment on the mainsail creates a sharply human accent in the geometrical pattern of straining Dacron sails.



This sprightly, 40-foot race-winner was conceived on the drawing board of a West Coast sailor who believes in long silences, light displacement and a minimum of false modesty. "The Cal-40," says 46-year-old Designer Bill Lapworth, a transplant from Michigan to Newport Beach, Calif., "goes a whole lot faster than other boats." Which is exactly what he and George Griffith, who instigated the design, and Jack Jensen, who builds the boats, had in mind when they first got to work.

Lapworth has never tank-tested a hull in his life, and he doesn't care a fig for the rule-beating tricks that build a low handicap into a boat. "Rating" is what racing men call the magic formula that balances a boat's waterline length against her sail area and other factors in an attempt to make her equal to other boats. Most designers are constantly aiming at a low rating, but, says Lapworth, seeming almost embarrassed as he stares at his feet and smiles shyly behind horn-rimmed glasses, "We never looked at the Cal-40's rating until we got the first boat built." Well he might look embarrassed for, as it turned out, the Cal-40 rates a good two feet more than most boats her size, and this in a cut-throat game where half a foot can mean winning or losing. The thing is that the Cal-40 wins anyway.

One of the tricks that make this possible is the unusual design of her underbody. In profile (left) the Cal-40 looks more like an F.A.O. Schwarz toy designed to sail across the lake in Central Park than a real ocean racer. As in the Schwarz toy—and for somewhat the same purpose—her deep keel is widely separated from a so-called "spade" rudder that hangs independently well aft. This arrangement, which has already been widely imitated, is Lapworth's method of providing fingertip steering control with a minimum of drag and thus doing away with many of the drawbacks generally associated with a lightweight boat.

For years designers have been arguing on the ocean, in testing tanks and on drafting tables over the relative merits of boats built with the solid substance, curvaceous lines and sensuous aspect of a Sophia Loren and boats constructed more along the angular lines of a high-fashion model. Everything about and aboard the Cal-40 is aimed at paring her weight to a minimum. Neither Designer Lapworth nor Builder Jensen of Costa Mesa, Calif. will consent to any owner's request for alteration of design that

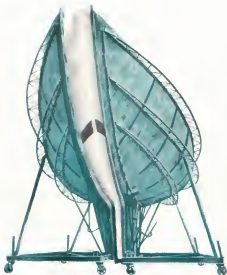


Helmerich's view (left) shows the clean design of the Cal-40 cockpit and the carefully angled winches. A new hull is shown below ready to be taken out of ice clamshell mold.

adds an unnecessary ounce to her bulk. But sheer lightness can be a drawback as well as an advantage.

The speed of a sailboat is achieved for the most part through a combination of waterline length and sail area. Lapworth gave the Cal-40 nearly two feet more waterline than any comparable boat, piled 700 square feet of sail on her rigging and hung three tons of lead on a short, deep, fin keel to counterbalance it when the wind is up. Then, to keep his boat from spinning on her sharp keel like a bullet dancer on one toe, he hung his spade rudder out aft like the last ventral fin of a Wahoo, where it could exert the most leverage with the least effort and still substantially reduce what designers call "wetted surface."

In simple language, wetted surface is that part of a hull that rubs against the water producing friction and drag to slow the boat down. Bill Lapworth has to use for anything, below the waterline or above it, that will slow his boats down. Unlike Mitchell's *Fivesterre*, which was specifically designed to achieve her speed while still providing a maximum of below-decks comfort for captain and crew, the Cal-40's accent is entirely on speed. There is a stark absence of hand-polished tables, chrome shower baths, fancy ice-making machines and other gadgetry aboard, but the backs of seats are precisely angled to counteract fatigue and thus keep a crew in top shape. *continued*



This businesslike approach is followed in every inch of the design. In most boats, the transducer element of the depth-finder hangs in the water under the bottom providing some—not much, but some—drag. The Cal-40 puts the transducer in a little ocean of its own—a box of water inside the boat. The electronic effect is the same; the drag is nil.

In other boats, toilet drains, intake valves and other fittings that must go through the hull all stand out an eighth of an inch or so and thus create drag. On the Cal-40 these fittings are sunk flush with the surface of the hull. Even the automatic bilge pump is designed so that the water it pumps out flows into the cockpit and over the feet of the crew before it runs overboard through special drains. Clarity as this may sound, there is good reasoning behind it. "If there's water in the bilge, we want the crew to know about it," says Jensen Executive Charlie Thomas. "People don't like this, and a customer will say to us, 'Let's run it over the side anyway.' But we won't do it. It's a safety factor."

Like the settee backs below, the coaming's that line the cockpit seats and against which the crew may have to lean for long hours at sea are angled for efficient comfort. Cleats and winches are installed at carefully studied positions and are tilted so sheets and other running rigging can be made fast at the best possible points. The top of the cabin is set at the right height for the man on deck, not the man below—low enough so the helmsman gets an unobstructed view all the way forward. "You may not have a lot of headroom below," says a Jensen man, "but you have plenty of visibility topside."

Just as *Fishsterre*, now an old-fashioned kind of ocean racer, was built for comfort and achieved speed, the Cal-40, product of modern mass-production technology, is built for speed and achieves a certain comfort and luxury of its own. Old Nat Herreshoff, who built some of the finest wooden boats in the history of the sea at Bristol, R.I., might blanch if he saw these gleaming white wonders of fiber glass pop out of their clambell molds, but even Captain Nat with all his know-how and the cheap labor of his day could not have duplicated the \$27,500 Cal-40 at any price 50 years ago.

The Cal-40 is doing more than winning ocean races. It is changing the whole ocean-racing picture.

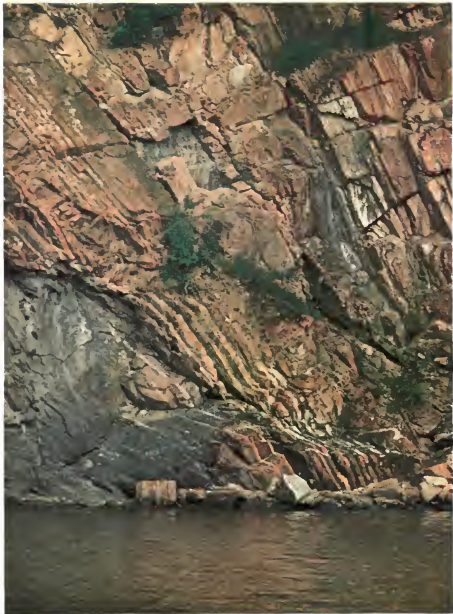
A SCANDINAVIAN SAILFEST

The end of any voyage warrants a celebration. The yachtsmen heading for Denmark this week will find some 2,000 small-boat sailors celebrating the 100th birthday of the Royal Danish Yacht Club in a wild frug of summertime sailing. Like the couple waiting at right behind their sailbags at Denmark's Skovshoved Sejlklub, the transatlantic sailors will soon find themselves racing around the buoys in boats ranging from 5.5-meters to OK dinghies.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK



Someday these young Vikings may be sailing the Atlantic



Here they are ghosting along under a sheer rock wall of Oslo Fjord in their little G-dinghy.





WHEN THE RACING IS DONE

When all the racing, offshore and inshore, is over and done with, the crews of the U.S. yachts will find themselves free to enjoy a Scandinavian summer. There can certainly be no more pleasant antidote to 20 days on the open Atlantic than Copenhagen itself. Unlike Oslo and Stockholm, Copenhagen has no blue laws, there is almost no restriction on the eating, drinking and merry-making hours, and the centenary celebrations will magnify the always festive atmosphere of a Copenhagen summer. There will be a Dunkirkian fleet of pleasure craft crowding the Danish waterfront from Skagen at the northern tip of Jutland down to Skovshoved, the main harbor of the Royal Danish Yacht Club—more than 2,000 boats from Europe, the U.S., Australia, Argentina and Bermuda. The nearby Bellevue Beach Hotel will be a center for visiting yachtsmen. Its wide, cool, awning-shaded verandas overlook a sandy strand lined with white cabana tents and blondes in bikinis. Copenhagen itself has 36 first-class restaurants and possibly the world's best fish, plaice and sole so fresh they taste of the sea. Tuborg's Export and Festival are the beers to drink with your Harald Jensen or Jubilæum aquavit and open sandwiches of brown bread, superb Ouzen butter and tiny rjer shrimps. When, after a sojourn in Denmark, "the wind sits in the shoulder of your sail," there is some lovely gunkholing to be done along the coasts of Sweden and Norway.

An ideal cruise starts east from Copenhagen into the brackish, useless Baltic and skirts the southern coast of Sweden, then turns north for Stockholm. If you can find aboard your boat, you will solve what might otherwise be an accommodations problem.

Orop anchor for a few hours or overnight in the medieval town of Simrishamn, with its winding narrow streets and half-timbered houses. This port's smoked eel is shipped around the world.

Farther up the Baltic coast is Karlskrona, Sweden's oldest naval station, with a nauti-

cal museum and portside restaurants that serve herring in every conceivable guise: pickled, smoked, fried, tossed in salads and baked in puddings.

Sail north then from Karlskrona through Kalmar Sound, an 80-mile stretch of blue water sheltered by the beautiful island of Oland. Its headlands are crowned with windmills, its meadows are awash with lilies and roses and its sandy beaches are a haven for nude sunbathers. In July and August the sun shines over Sweden for 20 hours a day and all of Scandinavia is stricken with sun madness. Oland's tiny holiday port of Borgholm, like every other seaside village, will be filled to the rooftops. This is the season for one of Sweden's favorite delicacies, crayfish served cold and spiced with dill, so book a table in advance at Riddargården. The plates come piled high with the six-inch creatures, and a glass of schnapps is traditionally downed with each claw on the plate.

The next port of call on your northward journey might be Visby, the ancient Hanseatic port on the island of Gotland. The walls of the city that was once the most powerful in northern Europe date to the 12th century, and pre-Christian rune stones and Viking hieroglyphics are found all over the landscape. Sandhamn, headquarters of the 125-year-old Royal Swedish Yacht Club, is a day's sail from Visby, in the midst of the thousands of scattered islands that make up the Stockholm archipelago. All foreign yachtsmen are made welcome at the charming Victorian yacht club (opposite), and the surrounding waters are hauntingly beautiful.

Stockholm is a five-hour sail from Sandhamn. One ties up at Strandvägen, Stockholm's Embassy Row. There are many superb restaurants in Stockholm, but the world's best smorgasbord is at the Opera Källaren. As you cruise along its rich buffet, be sure to leave storage space for the cloud-berry ice-cream tart.

The most unusual spectacle in Stockholm this summer is a show called *She*, a Car-

ol at the Museum of Modern Art. It consists of a sculptured female form, 82 feet long and three stories high. A planetarium lies in one global breast, a bar in the other, and a 1922 Garbo movie is projected inside the figure's left arm.

When you leave Stockholm guide your boat through the Göta Canal, connecting the Baltic with Göteborg on the Kattegat arm of the North Sea. It was used in the 19th century for commercial shipping but now is almost solely a route for pleasure cruises. It is an idyllic waterway winding through beech and evergreen forests, farmlands and stone villages. Only a third of its 347 miles is canal—the rest is rivers and lakes. There are 65 locks, the highest 304 feet above sea level. The trip takes about three days. All bridges are draw or open bridges, so you do not have to lower your mast.

Once at Göteborg, you're back in Atlantic waters—salter and trucker. Work northward along the glacier-carved islands and walls of the Oslo Fjord up to Oslo to complete a cruise of the Three Crown Coasts of the North.

The island of Hanoek, 80 miles down the fjord from Oslo, is the center of Norway's major regattas. The Hanoek Hotel, built in 1877, runs a sailing school for youngsters. Norway has a more severe climate than its southerly neighbors, a fact reflected in what you get to eat there. The national summer dish, for example, is *spekemat*, thinly sliced ham or mutton that has been dried for seven to eight months of arctic winter. It is often served with scrambled eggs. The grill in the Grand Hotel in Oslo's best. Have the pot-roasted partridge or reindeer steak. As in all Scandinavia, beer is the wine of the country; Norwegian pilsner goes best with this hardy fare. You can sip it at the Dronningen Restaurant at the end of the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club pier while you watch King Olav and Crown Prince Harald rigging their 55s for an afternoon race.

—FRED R. SMITH

U.S. sailors will be welcome at the Royal Swedish Yacht Club's Sandhamn headquarters.

The way Oregon Representative **Robert Duncan** tells about them, his semipro baseball days as a teen-ager in Alaska sound like something out of Robert Service: the daily nine hours in the gold fields north of Fairbanks, the weary bus trip back to town, the two-mile walk to the ball park and the nine-inning games eyeball to eyeball with the glowering midnight sun—and all without a whimper. "Semipro meant half got paid and half didn't," says the Congressman. "My half didn't." Which stoicism brought him around to alerting Oregon voters (he's running for the Senate this year) to keep tabs on him during the annual Congressional game in Washington's D.C. Stadium last week. Duncan hit 3 for 3, scored a run and raised his four-year series average to a fittingly legend-sized .571.

As one who grew up on intimate terms with poverty, filth, bad housing, poor schools and dope pushers, Lightweight Champion **Carlos Ortiz** (below) has opposed them all in his Democratic primary campaign for a state senate seat—a platform not likely to repel residents of a heavily Puerto Rican slum district of New York City who vote this week. Should he win the primary, said the candidate who got considerable

home-town exposure on TV the other night when he successfully defended his world title in Pittsburgh, he hopes to schedule his next major fight in Madison Square Garden—and that just a few days before the general elections in November. "This way I'll get good press coverage on the sports page," says Carlos, catching on fast. "That'll be worth about 1,000 speeches and at least 300,000 votes."

Named to be co-chairman of the \$500 million Hamilton Life Insurance Company of New York, **Jackie Robinson** was frank to say that "perhaps" his appointment was a "grandstand play" by his new employer. But whatever the motivation of Hamilton Life, said Robinson, "as long as Negroes are brought into the mainstream of American business, and young Negroes are encouraged by my career, that's all that counts."

Fat and twelfth, **Wilfred Pastore** first put up his dukes to defend his honor against neighborhood teases—and grew up to be the light heavyweight champion who once said, "Anybody who likes to fight is crazy." Now retired from boxing, Willie, at 30, is deeply involved in physical-fitness programs for the children of North Miami Beach, and he

says, "It's like my life was just starting. All that fighting was just school for what I'm doing now and a lot of things I hope to do." In his job Pastore puts on swimming meets, track and field meets and tennis tournaments. "And I have a boxing tournament coming up. But that worries me some," says Willie. "I can't include the little girls in it."

There is much that is right about sport, said UNESCO Director General **René Maheu**, from the fact that "for me an athletic competition is the modern form of the theater" to the fact that "the inequalities of life and of society are wiped out, as if by magic, on the athletic field. Sports satisfy a profound desire for justice which touches particularly the disinherited people of the world." But when nationalism appears, snorted Maheu, it undercuts most of this good. "I find it vulgar and dangerous to mistake the French team for France," said the old professor. "In this connection I find an abusive use of flags and national anthems. There is an obvious—and sometimes ridiculous—disproportion between *La Marseillaise*, with its words and its historical and political significance, and a soccer team."

Among the many things **Rocky Graziano** has had going for him down here are TV and nightclub engagements, a TV commercial series for a "more cultured yogurt" and public appearances in which he urges good little children to stick with it and not wind up as delinquents. But after he had been called to testify in an extortion trial on Long Island, the aging middleweight champion complained of image damage. "I've met four or five Presidents," he grumped. "They all said, 'Hello.' Now this is going to hurt bad—to hurt like an a o b."

An inventive little tyke, TV Singer **John Gary** made his first scuba lung out of a fire-extinguisher tank when he was 13 and lived to tell about it. With 20

watery years of experience behind him, he is currently winding up development of a sophisticated motor-driven backpack that can propel a skin diver at the mere flip of a toggle switch. Gary believes his Aqua-Poller will be as much a boon to oceanography as to sport and will continue to perfect the accessory radio transceiver crash helmet. "You need that because the Aqua-Poller can go nine knots," says Gary. "That's like a torpedo—or like sky diving under the water. Beautiful!"

Himself built as a bowling ball, Polish Premier **Jozef Cyrankiewicz** stepped into the American Pavilion at the Pomona Trade Fair, found himself suitably fascinated by the mysterious workings of a bowling-alley pinsetter. Then, against his better judgment, he succumbed to U.S. Ambassador **John Gronouski's** invitation to roll a couple down the imported alley (below). "I warn you I'm not very good," said the Premier, preparatory to sending both balls skittering into the gutter. That left the pinsetter unmoved, but Gronouski got a spare and Kentucky Governor **Edward Breathitt**, also on hand, got a six. Cyrankiewicz got the last word: "Next year I'll get even at billiards. I'm much better at that."





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Give the women a hand

It has been years since the U.S. has made as good a showing in international competition as it did in the recent World Olympiad Pairs events in Amsterdam. For a time it even seemed that American players might capture all three of the major titles. Mrs. Jules Farrell and Ivan Erdos of Los Angeles got the U.S. off to an excellent start by winning the Mixed Pair title. Then Mrs. John Gruver and Mrs. David Sochs of Baltimore led the qualifying rounds of the Women's Pairs by a wide margin, and Dr. John Fisher and young Jim Jacoby of Dallas were in front going into the final round of the Open Pairs.

In the end, however, the Dutch stars, Bob Slavenburg and Hans Kreyens, edged the Texans for the Open Pair title, and Jane Juan and Joan Durrant of Britain took the women's event by a narrow margin over Mrs. Gruver and Mrs. Sochs. Still, the U.S. performance was excellent. B. Jay Becker and Dorothy Hayden finished third for the U.S. in the Open Pairs, and Mrs. Farrell teamed with Peggy Solomon to finish third in the Women's Pairs.

Mrs. Farrell's performance was excellent. Here she is at her best in a hand played with Erdos in the Mixed Pairs.

With 15 points, bolstered by a couple of 10-spots, South just could squeeze out a no trump opening, and her choice of that call gave her side an initial advantage. Many of the pairs in the field were using a weak no trump opening—their maximum high-card strength was 14 points—and were compelled to open the South hand with one club. North would respond with one spade, and the contract for the spade game would be played from the wrong side of the table in that against East's normal opening lead of the diamond queen, North had little or no chance. (A double finesse in clubs would succeed, but playing for a heart break was mathematically sounder, and declarer could not maneuver so as to fall back on the club play after discovering the bad break in hearts.)

Mrs. Farrell handled the play flawlessly from the South seat, in spite of the threatening opening of the 2 of spades from West, which made it essential for her to ruff two losing clubs in dummy before the defenders could get in and play two more rounds of trumps. She won the spade, cashed the top cards, ruffed a club in dummy and returned to her hand with the queen of hearts. When she played her last club, West had to retain a safe exit card, so he discarded a low diamond.

Dummy ruffed, and the trump king was led to West's ace. Now West used the heart exit card and locked the lead in dummy. It was tempting—but it would have been fatal—to lead up to the diamond king in hopes of finding the ace on side. The king would have fallen to West, a diamond would have put East in, and a third lead of hearts would have let West score the setting trick via a ruff.

Instead, Mrs. Farrell calmly led another high heart and offered West the choice of ruffing and leading a diamond to establish South's king or of discarding and giving declarer a chance to ruff a fourth heart in her hand and draw West's last trump. Either way, the contract was sure to make.

END

Neither side vulnerable		NORTH	
West dealer		♠ K x 4 3	
		♥ A K 8 7	
		♦ 9 7 3	
		♣ 8 2	
		WEST	
		♠ A 9 2	
		♥ 9 2	
		♦ A 10 8 6 4	
		♣ 9 6 4	
		SOUTH	
		♠ Q J 10 5	
		♥ Q 6 4	
		♦ A 2	
		♣ A K 10 7	
		NORTH (John)	
		PASS	
		PASS	
		PASS	
		PASS	
		EAST	
		PASS	
		PASS	
		PASS	
		SOUTH (Mrs. Farrell)	
		1 N.T.	
		PASS	
		PASS	

Opening lead: 2 of spades



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The heavenly home of the Anaheim Angels

They were dying in Walter O'Malley's Chavez Ravine, but now 25 miles out of town, with Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm and John Birch as neighbors, Los Angeles' other team is the success story of the year

Last week the California Angels returned home from a highly successful road trip to find themselves 1) a very respectable fourth in the American League, and 2) the biggest thing to hit Orange County since Mickey Mouse. With the season not quite at the midway point the Angels have already drawn more people to their new stadium in suburban Anaheim than they did all last year as Walter O'Malley's tenants in Chavez Ravine, 25 miles to the northwest in the heart of Los Angeles. In fact, the Angels are 200,000 better than last season—and with 36 home dates remaining, they conceivably could finish the year with an attendance in the neighborhood of 1,500,000 and lead the American League.

For reasons that probably involve

both southern California freeway traffic and the now-predictable length of Angel home games (all long), Anaheim crowds are already famous as the most dilatory in the major leagues; they all arrive at once, along with the first pitch. Since nearly a third of the games played in the new \$24 million stadium have taken three hours or more to finish, the fans can anticipate a long evening. Since the prevailing winds lift and carry a fly ball like a soaring turkey buzzard, they can also anticipate a long evening of fun. The wind has accounted for an inordinate number of home runs over the center-field fence, as well as one spectacular outfield catch after another. As the sign on the big A-frame scoreboard in left field says, WELCOME TO THE HEAVENLY HOME OF THE ANGELS.

The team has been averaging close to 20,000 spectators a game, and huge, totally unexpected crowds show up at the oddest times. A Saturday game with the Red Sox, who haven't been out of the second division in seven years, drew 41,000—and it started at 5 p.m. (True, the Angels were giving away a pony and a bicycle, but the pony was not Buckpasser.) An 11 a.m. game with the Minnesota Twins on another Saturday drew 38,000; Walt Disney, a member of the Angels' advisory board, helped that one by bringing several of his cartoon characters up the street from Disneyland, two miles away. The Angels, obviously, are a civic enterprise.

When, in 1964, the Angels announced that they were considering moving from Los Angeles to Anaheim, baseball fans

continued



HALOED SCOREBOARD IN LEFT FIELD AND ANOTHER SOLID CROWD OF 30,000 PLEASE ANGEL GENERAL MANAGER FRED HANEY

smekered. In the minds of most, Anaheim was associated only with Jack Benny's famous radio routine of 25 years ago: "Train now leaving on track four for Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga." Five years of trying to buck the entrenched Dodgers in Los Angeles had turned the Angels into an expensive problem for the American League as well as a costly hobby for Owners Gene Autry, Boh Reynolds and Leonard K. Firestone. From 1961 through 1964 the Twins, for example, earned their travel, food and hotel expenses only twice when they flew west to play the Angels. Under the terms of their contract with O'Malley to lease Dodger Stadium, the Angels paid 7½% of annual total gate receipts (or \$200,000—whatever was higher), 50% of the concessions and all of the parking—and just try to get to Dodger Stadium without driving and parking. Because of this contract and their failure to establish an identity of their own, the Angels were dying in metropolitan Los Angeles.

The Angels had come into being in December 1960 under the American League's desperation expansion plan, and the only place they could find to play was tiny Wrigley Field with a capacity of 20,543, and virtually no parking space. Because General Manager Fred Haney built a club that could hit homers in Wrigley Field, the Angels won 70 games that first year, an impressive feat for an expansion club, yet they drew only 600,000. The next year the team moved into Dodger Stadium and, largely as a result of the 41 trades engineered by Haney, the Angels rose from that surprisingly good eighth in 1961 to an absolutely startling third. Attendance soared to 1,144,000.

Yet that was a drop in the bucket compared to the 2,755,000 the Dodgers drew in the same stadium the same season. The next three years the Angels finished ninth, fifth and seventh—and attendance slipped with them to 321,000, to 760,000, to 567,000. The Dodgers in the same three seasons drew a total of more than seven million spectators.

Thus, the Angels' move to Anaheim was a necessity. The city built a ball park, christened it Anaheim Stadium and allowed the team to call itself whatever it wanted, though there is still some resentment that it was not named the Anaheim Angels. After a tough 10-inning loss a man said to Haney, "If you

had named 'em the Anaheim Angels, it wouldn't have happened."

Founded in 1857 by a group of German wine growers, Anaheim even now is a city of only 150,000, with mostly two-story office buildings in its small downtown area. But since 1955 the population has increased tenfold, and so have all the increments indigenous to the "bedroom communities" of Los Angeles. There is a pancake house called Sambo's, a combination restaurant and bar named Nip 'n' Sip, a chain of supermarkets called Market Basket, an art store named Ye Olde Pop Art Shoppe. Yet in the 1950s the city's transportation system consisted of one private company that owned two buses, and the police hardly dared to hold prisoners overnight in the ramshackle jail. Undaunted and aware of a Stanford research survey that showed Anaheim and Orange County to be the fastest growing city and county in the U.S., Walt Disney plunked Disneyland down there in 1955 on an original investment of \$17 million. Disneyland since has drawn 53 million people and ranks as the biggest single tourist attraction in California. Orange County itself has a population of 1,100,000, and each month more than 7,000 new people move in. Projections indicate a population of 2,800,000 people in 14 years. Most of the naves and valencas have by now been squeezed out of Orange County to make room for the building and tourist boom.

Preceding both the Angels and Disneyland as an Orange County landmark was Knott's Berry Farm, a no-admission-fee attraction for families and children. According to its founder, Knott's has grown and grown: "Mother and I and the small children arrived here in our old Model T Ford in 1920," Walter Knott says. "We rented this farm and built this little shed to sell our berries. We didn't do so well in the Depression years, so in 1934 Mother tried chicken dinners. The years ahead were busy ones . . ." In 1965 Knott's Berry Farm served 1,828,252 full-course dinners.

You can buy just about anything at Knott's. You can walk into the information office and buy books like *Unstable Government, Hunt for Truth* (by H. L. Hunt), *Let's Take the Offense: Slightly to the Right*. Political conservatism is big in Orange County. A recent ad in a local paper read: "Wanted. Conservative pediatrician to establish a practice

in the Newport-Mesa area. No one-worlders need consider." In 1964 Goldwater carried Orange County by nearly 50,000 votes. The John Birch Society has five chapters in Anaheim, and the society's growth in the county is 150% higher than the national average.

But the Angels are not worrying about Orange County's political stance or its intellectual depth. They are concerned with two things. The first is a 35-year contract that calls for them to pay an annual rental of 7½%, of total gate receipts or \$160,000, whichever is greater, to the city of Anaheim. But so long, O'Malley: this time they retain two-thirds of the concession revenues and half of the parking fees. The second is the Angels' belief that they can convert Orange County people (average age, 26.6 years; average family income, \$10,000 per year) into persistent Angel fans, so that the ball club will cash in on the \$175 million that is spent annually in the county on recreational activities. They would like to draw, too, from the city of Los Angeles, a long, traffic-congested drive from Anaheim. The club is wooing the press as no big league team has ever done before. When a reporter arrives at the park he is welcomed with open gates, regardless of his credentials. A uniformed boy takes the reporter's typewriter and briefcase and leads him to the press box, dusts off his seat, shows him where the floor and ceiling heaters are located and comes around every three innings to empty his ash tray and sweep under his feet.

The rising stars

Creating fans in baseball, however, depends on the product that is put on the field, and the Angels just happen to have moved to Anaheim with a large number of developing young stars. During their first five seasons they played a total of 15 players on American League All-Star teams. Their fellow expansion team, the Washington Senators, was awarded only five All-Star positions, and such established teams as Kansas City, Boston, Cleveland and Detroit produced only 6, 13, 13 and 18, respectively. Some of the current Angels—Jim Fregosi, Boh Rodgers, Dean Chance and Fred Newman—were on the original draft list that Haney so wisely drew up and effected. (The Senators, in contrast, still carry only Jim King from their original selections.) In subsequent maneuvers Haney

also acquired Marcelino Lopez, Rookie Pitcher of the Year in the American League last season, Bobby Knoop, currently among the leaders in the league in RBIs, Paul Schaal, who must now be rated second to only Brooks Robinson in the league as a defensive third baseman, and Ed Kirkpatrick. The most promising young player to establish himself in the majors this year, 23-year-old Rick Reichardt, also belongs to the Angels. In one of the biggest gambles in baseball history properties ever taken, the Angels paid \$200,000 to Reichardt when he signed with them in 1964. This season he has captured the Angel fans with his ability to hit for average, hit homers and run the bases.

One day Reichardt struck out six straight times, but he came back two days later with three hits in his first three times at bat. He made the final out in one inning with runners on base and when he trotted out to his position in left field he kept his head bowed. But the out had been a line drive and the

crowd stood and cheered. The stadium organist played *Ou, Weismen!* in honor of his college and his home state and Reschard did a couple of pg steps on the outfield grass and smiled. The next night he came to bat in the eighth inning and hit a stand-up triple to centerfield, rounding first base so fast that he nearly ended up in the right-field bullpen. A few minutes later he scored the winning run. "I got so excited watching the ball that it was a wonder I ever got to third," he explained later. "That's a habit I've got to break."

The bad habits of Rick Reinhardt are the kind that Manager Bill Rigney loves. "He was having trouble with inside pitches and outside curves," says Rigney. "He came to me and said, 'What am I going to do?' I said, 'Let's see if we can eliminate one of the problems. Would you mind standing up close to the plate to get rid of the inside problem?' He looked at me and said, 'Sure, that's a good idea.' 'You may get hit,' I said. 'So I get hit,' he said."

In one game this year Reschard looked bad on two quick strikes. He called time and walked over to the Angel bench. "He looked at me," says Rigney, "and he said, 'This is getting me down.' I said, 'You aren't going to let them make a fool out of you, are you?' He walked up to the plate, looked at a couple of bad pitches and then he hit a homer. I said to myself, 'What a kid this is! How good is he going to be!'"

Rigney laughed. "Somehow," he said. "I believe that anything is possible with this team."

The Angels are still holding firmly to fourth place. They have gotten there mostly on hitting, but the once-strong pitching staff is now beginning to produce after an erratic start. The Angels confidently expect to finish in the first division, and those who watch baseball carefully will not be surprised if within the next three years all their rising young stars carry them to the American League championship. Why not? Anything is possible in Anaheim. ★★

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King Keyser Sport Gds.,
Hinsdale, Ill.
Pool Demonstration.
Salt Creek Club

Indianapolis — July 11
Kelleher Swim Supply
Pool Demonstration.
North Eastway

Philadelphia — July 12
Wayne Sporting Goods,
Wayne, Pa.
Pool Demonstration
Overbrook Country Club

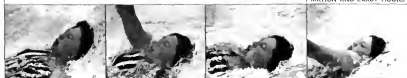
Pittsburgh — July 14
Northway Sport Center
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Wyewood Swim Club

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CHAIN-SMOKING Joyce from MSU (above) was bad luck for superstitious Bobbie Jo



Some lessons from teacher

A pair of prospective schoolmarm upset the favorites in the women's intercollegiate and then tested their match-play wives on each other

It was the week of the national collegiate golf championships, the week that Florida's Bob Murphy birdied six of nine holes in the final round at Stanford to win the men's title and the University of Houston assailed par and the opposition to win the team event for the ninth time in 11 years. That's golf these days—schoolboy style. When million-dollar careers are possible on the pro tour, any boy with a chance to break par is going to keep his head down.

But on the Scarlet Course at Ohio State, site of the 25th Women's Collegiate tournament, golf was being played schoolgirl style. There was a noteworthy mixture of intensity, frivolity, skill, voodoo and sport and, as is often the case, the girls displayed a few tricks the boys would do well to learn. By the time Michigan State's V. Joyce Kazmerski had beaten Georgia's Bobbie Jo Gabrielsen in the 36-hole final match there may not have been any flashy sub-par scores, but there had been some fine lessons in the joys and skulduggeries of head-to-head competition.

The possibility of joining the ladies' pro tour was not being ignored by the 105 coeds competing at Ohio State—what with the LPGA's now offering \$478,000 in prize money—but the finalists are going to be schoolteachers instead. (Since 1949 only one winner of the Women's Collegiate has turned pro.) "Up to three years ago I definitely was going to be a pro once I was good enough," winner Kazmerski said. "I started playing in a lot of national tournaments and got swept up in the atmosphere. But not now. I don't like going into a tournament figuring I need \$200 to get to Muskogee or Shreveport. Pros have dollar signs before their eyes. They have to. That takes a lot out of the game. There's something I like about buying my own shoes and polishing them myself. They weren't

given to me by a sponsor. They're mine."

"The pros are real nice to you now," said another collegian, "but I figure once you turn pro you're after their bread and butter, and there isn't that much butter."

As the tournament began, the favorite was a true pro type, the 19-year-old defending champion Roberta Albers of Miami. Roberta was playing golf at 8, and she had won her first championship at 9. She came to Columbus fresh from a victory in the Trans-Mississippi tournament and, as Joyce Kazmerski frankly put it, "with the most remarkable golf game I have ever seen. She has everything. She doesn't talk to you at all if you're playing with her. She won't say things like 'nice shot' about an opponent's game the way we all do. Maybe she doesn't say anything because her concentration is so intense."

"I think she doesn't say anything," said another Michigan State coed, "because her sense of excellence is so high. Our shots just aren't good, in her opinion. The truth is, compared to hers, they aren't good."

But last Thursday in the quarter-finals Roberta ran into a match-play wonder, 19-year-old Bobbie Jo Gabrielsen. Bobbie Jo will shoot 90 while you shoot 70, but she will still heat you I up on 18. A sophomore at the University of Georgia where her father is a professor and former swimming coach, blonde Bobbie Jo had played in only three national tournaments before the Collegiate. But she has her methods. She will concede short putts to an opponent while still 20 feet from the hole herself. "I always concede a putt if I figure I could sink it," she says. She turned in the most erratic rounds of the week, primarily because she believes in playing against her opponent instead of against par. She must have almost demented Roberta Albers. On the first nine holes Bobbie had five

bogeys, two birdies and two pars, and looked beaten. Then she came back with two bogeys, six pars, two birdies and an eagle. It was just enough to down Miss Albers on the 20th hole.

On Friday, Bobbie Jo defeated 19-year-old Jan Ferraris of San Francisco 2 up on the 18th hole with another remarkable exhibition of Gabrielsen golf. One up at the end of nine, she went hooey, hooey, double-bogey, hooey. Now happily behind, she finished par, birdie, birdie, par, birdie. "I guess I don't start playing until I know I have got in," she said that night. Jan reacted to her defeat by announcing on the spot that she was turning pro. Meanwhile, Joyce was working her way into the finals in far less spectacular fashion. So the field was down to two would-be schoolteachers.

V. Joyce Kazmierski she was born on V-J Day is the daughter of a Detroit toolmaker. She is as tough in match play as well as a Spartan to pick a simile not entirely at random. She began her golfing career at 9 when she won a plastic trophy in a city-wide tournament after qualifying for it with an 81—for nine holes. She is now 20, an MSU senior and canny. The night before the finals she was talking about Bobbie Jo's play-your-opponent theory. "I lost too many big tournaments trying it," she said. "If you start out that way, you're dead. If your opponent is going over par, you'll go over par. Then you get keyed to that kind of golf. In a 36-hole match you should forget your opponent for the first 27. Play against par. For the last nine holes, play your opponent."

Saturday morning Joyce ate an early breakfast in the clubhouse while five college friends carried on an animated, volatile battle with a waitress who had forgotten French toast, or rusin toast, or plain toast, or no toast. Joyce, a nervous chain smoker on the course, serenely ignored the noise of her claque. Throughout the week's matches this troupe had concerned itself with Joyce's mental well-being. One would walk up to her carrying some well-wilted roots of grass and say quite solemnly "Joyce, we're rooting for you." Or bring up a dandelion and say "That was a dandy shot."

Bobbie Jo was the center of an equally enthusiastic group. "She's very popular," said a tournament committee-woman. "She likes to socialize. She'd rather not practice."

That might be true, but Bobbie Jo has
continued



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GOLF

other ways of winning golf matches. In one thing, she refused to change her shoes all week. She would alternate her two pairs of lucky socks but not wash them. She would have only a 10c glass of tomato juice for breakfast. Behind the 5th green there was a water fountain. She insisted on walking around the right side of it. "If I went around the left," she said, "it would be all over." As the week progressed, her list of superstitions grew, reaching one desperate point at which she found two ball markers in her pocket and could not remember which was the lucky one.

After the first nine holes of their match Joyce and Bobbie Jo were all even, both three over par. At the 10th Joyce went 1 up, but on 13 Bobbie got the hole back. "I knew she would get confident when she got around to her holes—those ones she had played so well before—so I was determined to get confident there, too," Joyce said later. She did, winning the 15th, 16th and 17th before losing the 18th to finish the morning round 2 up.

During lunch one of Joyce's clan looked up at a colored print of a golfer on the clubhouse wall. "Can I be so dumb as to ask who that is?" she said. "From the bar," said Joyce. "I think it's Bobby Jones. Is it?" It was.

Bobbie Jo went 3 down at the 19th hole when Joyce birdied it, but then she started to fight back. She won two holes, birdied her lucky fountain hole with a near hole-in-one, and then won two more to go 1 up on the 25th. "Sometimes I'd rather be behind," Joyce had said the night before. "It gives you a little advantage, it forces you to gamble, to go for the pin." Now she was behind. She evened the match at the 27th and at the 29th but a pitch close to the pin for a winning par. Now was she going to let Bobbie Jo come back this time. On the 33rd hole, a par-5 Bobbie Jo barely got her two wood shots airborne but she scrambled out of the left rough to within three feet of the hole. Joyce chipped to within two feet, and when Bobbie Jo missed her putt and Joyce made hers for a birdie, the Georgian's confidence was gone. Joyce was now 2 up, a lead she held until the 35th green, where the match ended. When Joyce stroked an approach putt inches from the hole Bobbie Jo picked up her opponent's ball and held out her hand in congratulations—just one golfing school-teacher to another.

END



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BASKETBALL / *Curry Kirkpatrick*

Togetherness triumphs twice

Indiana's All-Stars made it a little more interesting in the second game of the series, but Kentucky's teamwork reflected better coaching

He was walking out of a Louisville motel, and the basic questions of the day—Vietnam? Are cars safe? Is Ursula Andrews real?—were not what was on his mind. He was an Indiana basketball fan, and he was wondering, "How in hell did we get beat so bad?" The question was valid, considering the circumstances, and it was still being asked all last week in Indianapolis, home of the "500," suffocating summer heat and other questionable exigencies of American life, where the second game of the Indiana-Kentucky high school series for the championship of basketball-by-rotisserie was to be played.

Kentucky had run away with the first match, much to the chagrin of all Indians, who, very incidentally, were celebrating 150 years of statehood. "The 150th anniversary of Indiana does not exactly turn me on," said Larry Walker, Indiana's student manager out of Crispus Attucks High. Larry is one of mankind's alltime potent guys, for he has endorsed the wrath and frustrations of both Cleon Reynolds, coach of the Indiana All-Stars, and his players, which last week was a considerable burden to be carrying. The least of this was cradling three basketballs in his arms and getting four more thrown at him in concert.

"Cut it out," said Larry.
"Sorry about that," said Mike Price or Chuck Davis or Jim Cadwell or Mary Winkler, whoever happened to be throwing the balls. They are all really Larry's friends and welcome him to their coterie away from the court. But there were times when Larry wasn't so sure.

Indiana basketball fans are knowledgeable, and the question kept hanging there. How? With so much talent, how could they have been humiliated as they were (104-77)? They had been wrong about two things. First, Kentucky was

not in a "down" year as many had believed. Indeed, this year's team may be one of the best the state has fielded for sheer speed, cohesiveness and competitive drive. In addition, Indians had not given enough weight to the coaching in a game like this, specifically the coaching of Kentucky's Joe Reibel and his assistant, Don Morris.

Reibel, at 28, already has the basketball savvy, the presence, the poise and temperament that many college coaches never acquire in a lifetime. It is safe to assume that before long some large and prosperous university, thirsty for victory, will come calling with the right offer. The way he molded the diverse talents of his Kentucky kids was something to behold. It was apparently too much for Indiana, for nasty rumors floated around Indianapolis that Kentucky had been practicing much longer than the agreed-upon 10 days. "If they went by the rules, then Reibel is the best high school coach in the country," said one Indiana man. That could be.

The prevailing opinion about the collapse of Indiana in the first game was that it was caused by the unwillingness of a bunch of gunners to sacrifice and play together. Now, with the second game coming up, Indiana's Cleon Reynolds was saying he had his team in a more serious mood and the players were beginning to hear down and concentrate on teamwork. Cleon was whistling in the dark. The atmosphere around his team still resembled *Hollersoppor*. And there were other problems.

"Mount?" said Winkler one day.
"Rick Mount is a great shooter. But that is all. Sure he passes—on occasions. But only if you're open. And I mean wide, wide open." Then, typically, a gag: "I am the only passer on this team."

"Nobody around here knows who's going to start," said Price. "The old

continued

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man's mad at me. He wouldn't wait for me to go to practice. He left without me. I'm not talking to him anymore."

Bavis, the 7-footer and only white boy admitted to the "soul-brothers" society of Winkler, Price, Ken Johnson and O'Neil Simmons (all brothers wear soul sunglasses tinted in blue, yellow or lavender and listen to soul station WGEE, which plays soul records by the biggest soul cat of them all, James Brown), was napping around homestick for Leslie Levin, his very striking girl friend.

Worst of all, the training-table idea Reynolds had talked about after the Louisville debacle had dissolved into mockery. At a banquet the night before the second game the soul brothers—and co-captain Mike Noland—had secretly downed six scoops of sherbet apiece. "You think this is sumpin'," said Winkler. "Me and Chucky, we got cans of Mountain Dew and grape and black-cherry pop under ice in our bathroom wastebasket. I told the maid not to touch that basket. And Fritos, man, lots of Fritos. Party tonight in our room—go-go girls, everything. Twenty-five-cent admission." Some thought Mary was putting them on. But only the go-go girls and the price were fraudulent. Admission was free.

The beginning of the game, with 15,000 fans sweating and gasping for air in the 100' of the Butler University field house, brought back memories of Louisville, Kentucky, starting its second team, jumped off quickly and led 8-0. Reynolds had come up with a 1-2-2 zone to combat Kentucky's skillful screens, but Reibel countered with a floating offense that had Mike Casey operating along the baseline. It was so hot that big Bavis, after signaling to be replaced, passed out on the bench midway through the half. Meanwhile Reibel was platooning two teams and, with Ted Rose hitting corner jumpers, Kentucky led 40-30 in the half. Mount had been silenced, but Winkler and Price had demonstrated some beautiful moves on offense.

Mary, for all his talk, was showing the kind of leadership that Kentucky got from Eugene Smith, and Price was hitting on switch-handed drives underneath as Indiana, in the second half, got back in the series for the first time since last June. The Hoosiers came up to 55-50 with 10 minutes left, but it still looked as if Kentucky would run away again. Then it happened, and it was remarkable.



HIGH SCORER for Irving Hoosiers, Rick Mount fires in one of three straight goals.

Rick Mount came down and cranked a 30-footer. Swish. He drove the length of the court, twisting. Swish. After a time-out by Kentucky he dribbled into the corner, turning in midair. Swish. Indiana was ahead. The noise that followed was the field-house roof being blown apart.

Seven minutes later, with Kentucky leading 69-67 after Smith hit two fouls on a one-and-one, Rick came down again, twisting, turning, changing direction, into the corner. Jump. Let 'er rip. Oops. The ball popped out of the basket. Kentucky, playing deliberately, took it down, scored and was going away 77-67.

Rise scored 25 for Kentucky. Mount had 21 for Indiana. Kentucky went home happy and Indiana, perhaps, learned something about teamwork. In the equipment room next to the Indiana team's lockers there was a white sign that read "No Enemy Dare Bomb This Place and End This Confusion." Rick Mount had ended Indiana's confusion, but he was one-and-three-quarter games too late.

END

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THE FIGHT THAT

This is the story of the Jack Dempsey-Tommy Gibbons heavyweight championship fight, which was held in Shelby, Mont. on July 4, 1923—exactly 43 years ago. The record book shows that Dempsey, then 28, won a 15-round decision and that it was Dempsey's fourth defense of the title he had won four years before when he knocked out Jess Willard. What the record book does not show and what has been the subject for discussion, argument and speculation in sporting circles ever since is how the fight happened to be held in an oil town like Shelby in the first place—surely the most unlikely setting for a heavyweight championship until someone discovered Leniston,

Me. And there are other questions. Who were the real promoters, and how did they raise the nearly \$300,000 they handed over to Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager? What was there about right up to the last moment that there would really be a fight? The following story is written by the one man in a position to know all the answers. He is James W. (Buddy) Johnson, now 67, the man who thought up the idea for holding the fight in Shelby and who was in on the negotiations from start to finish. It is a bizarre story, sometimes pathetic, sometimes ludicrous. We offer it as a piece of genuine Americana, a useful clarification of a confused chapter of sports history.

At how before the fight, cars creep across ice-dotted prairie



WON'T STAY DEAD

BY JAMES W. (BODY) JOHNSON

Nobody has ever told the truth about the Dempsey-Gibbons fight in Shelby, Mont. in 1923, so I've decided to tell it myself. The only trouble is that up till now I've never been able to get anybody to print it, because once people get it into their heads that something happened a certain way they hate to let go of it no matter how many lies are in it. I was the one who thought up the idea for having the fight in Shelby, and after all these years it still bothers me that reporters make such a farce of the whole thing whenever they write about it. This is the first true account of the fight, and I have all the documents to prove it.

One thing the newspapers always got mixed up was my father's part in the Dempsey-Gibbons match. And that's easy to understand, because our names are so close. He was James A. Johnson and I am James W., but ever since I was a baby I was always called Body Johnson. I was born on my father's ranch near Shelby on May 23, 1899, and I was so sickly nobody expected me to live. My mother would tell the neighbors that I was just "a little-bitty hody," with tiny legs, arms and head. The name stuck, even after I fooled

them all by staying alive and growing up healthy and strong.

My father, a Canadian by birth, was one of the founders of Shelby and its first mayor. He ran cattle and sheep for a while and then moved into town so we children could go to school. He owned a store and later the old Palace Hotel and later still was the owner and publisher of Shelby's only newspaper, the *Promoter*. He bought the First State Bank, of which he was president until 1923. He was active in business and municipal affairs until his death in 1938.

Like my father, I wanted to help put Shelby on the map, and that was what really got me into the fight game. A few intrepid oil prospectors had completed a wildcat well in the early spring of 1922 that proved to be the famous (and still producing) Kevin-Sunburst oil field to the north of Shelby. The boom was on, and Toole County began to feel the influx of all sorts of oil people—field workers, drillers, contractors, major-company land men, geologists, plus the usual parasites of the oil country. My father and I became active in selling lots and building small office space, dwellings and apartments to fill this demand.

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toward wooden arena. On hills above it are Indian tepees. In distance is downtown Shelby, while at right nonpaying operators line bluff.





Gallery of Shelby fight principals includes Body Johnson with his father (James A.), Loy Molander and Jack Kearns

The real-estate business boomed in the summer of 1922 and up into the late fall. Before long we were advertising "Shelby, the Tulsa of the West" and believing it ourselves. We were all doing a good business, but then came the winter and business slowed down. New people didn't seem to be showing up fast enough.

One morning in February 1923, about the noon hour, my partner, Mel McCutcheon, and I were sitting in our real-estate office with our feet on the desk, trying to think up some new ideas for publicity, something to start our sales moving again. We just needed more prospects. I happened to pick up the morning paper (*Great Falls Tribune*) and noticed an item in the sports section under the dateline Montreal, Canada with a small headline stating: OFFERS \$100,000 FOR MIGHT. The story, a short one, went on to say that someone had wired Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager in New York, offering him \$100,000 for a championship fight to be held in Montreal. That did it. "Mel," I said, "why don't we make an offer for a championship fight? Let's wire Jack Kearns and offer him \$200,000. If this fellow can make the headlines so can we."

Mel knew less about the fight game than I did. "Who would you have Dempsey fight?" he asked.

"Darned if I know," I replied.

At that moment who should walk past the front window but Lyman Sampson, an ex-fighter who was employed as matchmaker for the local American Legion boxing committee, of which I was chairman. "Sam"—that's what I called him—I yelled, "who is the logical contender to fight Jack Dempsey?" Without any hesitation he replied, "Tommy Gibbons." "Mike Gibbons you mean, don't you?" I asked. I had heard of Mike, but I had never heard of Tommy Gibbons. "No," replied Sam, "Mike is a middleweight, not a heavyweight. Tommy is Mike's younger brother and a heavyweight." It was this accident of circumstances that resulted in Tommy Gibbons' getting a chance at the heavyweight championship of the world.

Right away the question was raised: who is going to

make the offer? As chairman of the American Legion boxing committee, I was the logical one to do it, but what would my American Legion friends say? How could I answer such an embarrassing question as, "Where in the devil are we going to get \$200,000?"

"You wouldn't mind if I signed your name to a telegram, would you, Sam?" I asked Sampson.

"Now, don't get me into trouble," said Sam, "but if you're sure it's O.K., it's O.K. by me, but you back me up."

"How do we get in touch with this fellow Tommy Gibbons, Sam? Where does he hang out?"

"Well," said Sam, "his manager is Mike Collins, and you can reach him at St. Paul." Of course, we later discovered that Mike Collins had nothing to do with Gibbons and that his real manager was Eddie Kane. But this misinformation is what brought Mike Collins into the picture where he was to stay to the end.

It must be remembered that at this stage my concern was just how far we could go without incurring too much wrath on the part of my American Legion associates, and under no circumstances could I reveal to them anything that might indicate the whole thing was nothing but a publicity stunt. The news surely would get out if anyone else knew.

I sat down to a typewriter and pecked out two telegrams, one to Jack Kearns as follows: I AM PREPARED TO OFFER YOU A PURSE OF \$200,000 TO BE PAID \$50,000 UPON SIGNING OF CONTRACT AND BALANCE WHEN YOU ENTER THE RING FOR A 15-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT AGAINST TOMMY GIBBONS TO BE HELD ON JULY 4, 1923, IN SHELBY, MONT. PLEASE WIRE YOUR ACCEPTANCE. (signed) L. A. SAMPSON. I sent the other telegram to Mike Collins, manager of Tommy Gibbons (we thought), offering him \$50,000 for the same bout. It was some considerable time before Gibbons found out about the offer, however, and it was not until the publicity had started to get around that we finally contacted Eddie Kane.

A few days passed, and I had to go to Helena on business. I was at the state capitol building when my partner, Mel,

got me on the phone to say that Sampson had received a telegram from Jack Kearns, reading as follows: READY TO DO BUSINESS IMMEDIATELY PROVIDED YOU HAVE YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MEET ME HERE PREPARED TO PAY ME \$50,000 AND POST ANOTHER \$50,000 AS LIQUIDATED DAMAGES IN EVENT YOU FAIL THROUGH ANY CAUSE HARRIDING DEMPEY FROM HOLDING. CONSENT ON DATE SET FORTH ABOVE \$100,000 TO BE PAID IN THREE (3) INSTALLMENTS IN FULL AND BALANCE OF \$100,000 TO BE PAID ME PRIOR TO CONSENT AS WE MUTUALLY AGREE UPON TOGETHER WITH SOME OTHER DETAILS SUCH AS PERCENTAGE PRIVILEGE. ANSWER 2465 BROADWAY JACK KEARNS. Mel also said that a short notice by the Associated, or United, Press had appeared that morning in the *Great Falls Tribune*. We had made the headlines, and now what were we going to do?

Really, you could have howled me over with a feather. I had not really expected a reply, but now that we had one and some news notice, I decided to make the most of it and drag it out as long as possible. I called the local Helena reporters and Associated Press representatives who were covering the legislature meeting and gave them the story and contents of the telegrams of offer and acceptance, and this really did make the headlines.

I returned to Shelby, and we sent another telegram to Kearns asking him at what intermediate point we could meet him for a discussion of terms. We waited several days for a reply to this wire—which, of course, served our purpose of obtaining more publicity.

I had to make a trip to the Coast, and while I was in Portland, Ore. I received another frantic long-distance call from Mel: "You know what they've done?" Mel utters a cry. "They've just voted you out as the Legion boxing committee chairman. You better get home quick."

I hurried back and had a meeting with the Legion boys, but I couldn't explain that it was all a publicity stunt since newsmen were coming in and out of Shelby picking up information. Right then I began to have my first feelings of being trapped in this thing, but I wasn't really worried. I assured the boys that we were seriously and honestly trying to make a deal with Kearns and that we expected to make it very shortly. This was the turning point of the whole deal.

Maybe if I had used a little better judgment at this stage by giving my Legion associates the true story they might have gone along with me, since the whole town of Shelby was benefiting from the publicity. If I had confessed, there never would have been a fight, with all its disastrous consequences, and we could have continued the publicity for at least another

month. But I didn't let them know, and so they gave me a deadline of a couple of weeks to prove I was acting in good faith. I know that not all my Legion pals were convinced I was serious, so this was a rash act to smoke me out. Some of the Legion boys thought I stood to make a lot of money on the fight, and they wanted the Legion post in on the gravy.

Our publicity had been too good, I guess. People around Shelby were convinced by this time that the fight could be held. They weren't only sold on the fight, they were over-sold. My hand was forced, so I offered to pay the local post \$25,000 out of the first net proceeds of the fight, which was the deal under which the bout was ultimately held.

I spent the deadline period in a further exchange of telegrams with Kearns, getting still more publicity. When my two weeks had expired I got together with the people of the post and said, "You want to take over the fight negotiations. Fine. It's all yours. If I can help you, just let me know."

Now I was happy about the whole thing. The Legion had insisted on taking the fight off my hands, and nobody could say I'd been trying to hoke it up. After all, the Legion was the only group that could legally conduct pro boxing in the state. It was their fight now. We'd had our mouth or so of publicity for Shelby, and now it was time to get back to the real-estate business and cash in on it.

The local Tule County Legion post called in Attorney Loy Molunby, an ex-World War I flier and the state commander of the American Legion. They thought it would be better if the state Legion, rather than the local county Legion, put on the fight. Upon the advice of Molunby the Legion incorporated The American Legion Boxing Club of Tule Post No. 52, of which Molunby was named manager.

Early in April a meeting was arranged with Kearns in Salt Lake City, and the Legion asked me to go along with Molunby. They did not want me, a 24-year-old youngster, on the board for the fight, but they did not want me entirely out of it either. Because of Kearns's enthusiasm at this meeting it occurred to me for the first time that perhaps we actually could promote the fight. Bear in mind that up to this time and including the time of this conference there had never been any offer or discussion with Kearns of any sum of money more than \$200,000, nor had we ever agreed to advance him more than \$50,000 cash and an additional \$50,000 to be posted as a forfeit, with the balance of \$100,000 to be paid to him just before Dempsey entered

the ring on July 4. We knew that if we could close a fight contract on this basis it could be financed. There were a great many details, such as adequate guarantees, weather insurance with Lloyd's of London and other matters that we continued to discuss by wire with Kearns, but at no time did

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Illustration when a streak cost \$90. Shelby asked \$50 for ringside seats

we ever discuss any more money than \$200,000. At Salt Lake, however, Kearns did inject a mention of the first \$100,000 being paid him in cash, but when we objected he didn't insist. But he did want to know how we were going to raise the money. I told him we could raise it through all those big oilmen up around Shelby, but I must admit I wasn't sure.

After our return from the Salt Lake conference, my father, our attorney (Jim Speer), Mel and I held a quick session in our office in Shelby. We could see trouble ahead with the Legion group, which was by this time enthusiastic about the promotion but had no money and no ideas on how to raise it. Dad and I finally decided to make an offer of \$7,500 to head up a subscription for advance ticket sales in order to raise the first \$100,000.

This advance-sale plan went well. We raised a total of \$43,600 in the town of Shelby and its environs, \$400 from Glasgow, Mont., \$100 from Culbertson, \$1,500 from Havre and \$500 from Cut Bank, together with \$54,500 from a group of bus nesttens in Great Falls. About this time, unfortunately, I became ill, and after a two-week session in the hospital in Great Falls I underwent a minor operation that kept me in the hospital for quite a while. In the meantime Loy Molumby, practically on his own, was continuing negotiations with Kearns. A second meeting was arranged in Chicago between Jack Kearns, Gibbons' manager Eddie Kane, Loy Molumby and Mike Collins, who was still in the act because the American Legion had retained him as matchmaker for the fight.

Jack Kearns arrived in Chicago on the morning of May 2, prepared for a quick contract closing. Mike Collins came in from Minneapolis with Eddie Kane, and Loy Molumby arrived from Great Falls.

At no time during the period of May 2 to May 5, or before, had there ever been any mention or discussion of any cash terms other than those of the original agreement with Kearns based on his original telegram and subsequent discussions with us in Salt Lake City, *i.e.*, \$100,000 cash and the balance of \$100,000 to be paid him just before Dempsey entered the ring on July 4. Our one and only concern was for the safety of our first cash payment should anything happen to Dempsey or Gibbons to prevent the fight being held, or if for any other reason Kearns should not comply with his agreement. We wired our final instructions to that effect to Molumby in Chicago. We didn't worry at all about Tommy Gibbons, but we didn't trust Kearns one little bit.

In complete disregard of our instructions Loy Molumby agreed to the fateful, and, for us, disastrous contract in a smoke-filled room of the Morrison Hotel sometime during the night of May 4. The banner headlines in the morning paper of May 5 were our first and only advice of the closing. We heard nothing from Loy until his return to Shelby by train.

I shall never forget that morning in my hospital room when the nurses brought in the *Great Falls Tribune* with the headlines: **MANAGERS AGREE TO HOLD TITLE BOUT AT SHELBY.** The story went on to state that the championship fight would be held in Shelby, Mont. on July 4, 1923, the consideration to Dempsey to be \$300,000, \$100,000 in cash at the time of the signing of the contract, \$100,000 to be paid on June 15 and \$100,000 to be paid on July 2.

Later I learned from Molumby some of the details of these negotiations in Chicago. Unfortunately, much of what went on will never be explained. In justice to my good friend Loy Molumby, who is now dead, I should say that he was not at all familiar with doing business, particularly with fight promoters or fight managers. For instance, I later learned from the manager of the Morrison Hotel that there had been a real winking of a party the night of May 4 when the fight contract was drawn up. I am convinced that Loy did not know what he was doing when he signed the contract, but he signed it and paid over the first \$100,000, and there we were.

But, lying in my hospital bed that morning, I was elated over the news and was convinced that the amount reported in the paper was a misprint. No other explanation, I thought, could account for such a complete change in the agreement.

I returned from the hospital to Shelby about the same time that Loy got back from Chicago, and we held a meeting in our office. Loy pulled out the contract. I distinctly recall saying to Loy, "How did they get that publicity so incorrect about the terms of the contract?" And he sheepishly said, "No, the publicity is right—that's the contract that we have." He showed it to us, and there we were. Our \$100,000 in cash had been paid, we had a contract signed by Kane, Kearns and Molumby and a fight on our hands with almost impossible financing requirements. We asked Loy about it, but all he could say was, "I signed the contract because Kearns wouldn't go for less." We were absolutely stunned but finally decided there was nothing we could do but to buckle down and try to live with it.

Our attorney, Jim Speer, glanced over the contract and said, "Well, at any rate, Dempsey has got to fight regardless of whether he is ever paid another dime or not, because Loy, in preparing this contract, either intentionally or unintentionally slipped up and forgot to put in the clause, 'Time shall be the essence of this agreement.'" Without that provision in the contract, Dempsey legally was required to perform his part of the contract before he could demand a settlement for his services.

Many times after this, in conversations we had with Kearns, he was made to understand this provision of the contract and admitted that he knew it was the case, but at no time during the advance publicity that followed would Kearns come out and make a direct statement to the newspaper boys that Dempsey would appear in the ring regardless of whether any money was paid or not. In justice to

Jack Dempsey I want to say that several times he did make the statement that he would fight whether he was paid or not, but he also would not so state publicly, always referring us to "Doc" (Kearns) for any public statement.

The contract provided that Tommy Gibbons was to receive \$10,000 as advance training expense, of which he was paid \$7,500, and in addition he was to receive a percentage of the gate after the \$300,000 to Dempsey had been paid. Of course, he never received anything on this percentage. While I am on this subject, however, let me explain that Tommy Gibbons did not fight for nothing, as has so often been said. In addition to the \$7,500 cash payment that was made to him, he was furnished a free house for himself and his family, with all of his expenses paid while he trained in Shelby. In addition, we built him a complete training camp at Shelby, which was fenced in and from which he was allowed to collect daily ticket sales that amounted to a considerable sum of money each day. I recall that Eddie Kane used to carry away a sack full of silver and paper-money receipts from this training camp every day and several times stated that he wasn't doing bad. As a result of the publicity that Tom received, he also was given a 20-week vaudeville contract commencing immediately after the fight at \$2,500 per week, and he obtained a very remunerative light contract against the Frenchman Carpenter.

It should be pointed out here that up to this time my father, James A., had had very little to do with the negotiations other than as an active participant in the promotion of the advance sale of tickets. But when the proposition for the purchase of lumber for the arena came up the lumbermen agreed to supply the lumber for a 40,000-seat stadium only if the Legion post would designate James A. as treasurer of the fight association. After what went on in Chicago, no one had any confidence in Loy Molumby anymore. James A. did not want to accept the job, and I didn't want him to. He had a lot of work of his own to take care of. He had a good reputation, a good line of credit and should not have become involved in the whole affair, but he was a public-spirited man. He didn't want to see the project fall down. He could see the chaotic condition we were in, so he finally agreed to accept the trusteeship. This was his undoing. From that time on not only was he the treasurer, but he was the active general manager.

Do you know, one of the strangest pieces of irony in connection with this whole affair concerned our real-estate business in the James A. Johnson Company. Here I had started this whole damn thing for no other reason than to help sell real estate. Now we were about to have the whole thing laid back in our laps, and from the time of the contract signing in Chicago to the end and I must the end of our company that fall we didn't sell one damn dollar's worth of real estate. No one wanted to buy, but everyone either wanted a concession or a short-term lease or something. Even our salesmen were starving at the end of the season.

The period from the signing of the contract and pay-



Watchful is a train that control. Dempsey (left) Gibbons with a right

ment of the second contract requirement of \$100,000 on June 15 was one of great confusion. We decided to try to sell all of the Legion posts in the state of Montana an advance ticket sale in order to raise the second \$100,000. To this end we made use of Loy in his capacity as state commander. We arranged with a friend, Earl Vance, to fly Loy, myself and a lumber company representative by the name of Gene Lane all over Montana to visit every Legion post and try to sell some tickets prior to June 15. We made our first call at Lewistown, Mont., with some success. Our next call was at Miles City, then Billings and finally Livingston. Unfortunately, on the takeoff from Livingston at 6 o'clock in the morning, our plane hit a down draft, dived over a cliff after hitting the top of a power pole and fell to the ground demolished. I wound up in a hospital in Livingston more dead than alive. Loy Molumby was only slightly injured and was able to continue the trip by train. Gene Lane, like myself, was critically injured, and Earl Vance was no further good to us because he didn't have any more airplane. Vance was not badly hurt.

Had we not had this airplane accident, I believe that we would have succeeded in selling enough tickets to the various Legion posts to meet the second \$100,000 but, as it turned out, James A. was called upon because we had failed.

The accident was on June 10, as I remember, and we had only five days for the payment of the second \$100,000. In desperation the citizens of Shelby were again canvassed, and about \$35,000 was raised through an added advance ticket sale. The balance of this was paid by a few subscriptions from Great Falls businessmen, amounting to about \$15,000, plus my father's personal subscription for \$20,000.

The second \$100,000 payment was made with great fanfare at the Stanton Trust and Savings Bank in Great Falls, with the newsmen crowding around and cameras clicking. George Stanton, the bank's president, managed to leave the

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impression that he had personally rescued the fight. Actually, he did not put up one damn cent, except to lend James A., on his personal note, the sum of \$50,000, every penny of which was later repaid.

Right here it should be explained why otherwise apparently sound-minded businessmen, such as the Great Falls bunch and Dad, could allow themselves to be conned into paying this second \$100,000 to Kearns without getting in return a public statement that the fight would really go on so as to assure some fair attendance and ticket sales to cover the money. The answer is: they just couldn't believe that a lone could be the liar that Kearns turned out to be.

This was, you might say, the tail end of the days of the Old West. My father and most of the prominent businessmen of Shelby and Great Falls were of the old school. To them a man's word was his bond, and it was honestly true in those days in Montana that thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of business was done on a handshake. I have seen this. I have done this and I know it to be true. As an example, year in and year out my father would buy and sell whole bands of sheep and hundreds of head of cattle by merely a conversation agreement to deliver at a certain date at a stated price. Believe me, you just had to break your word once on that frontier and you might just as well move on. An understanding of this kind of background perhaps makes the incredible things that followed more understandable.

Kearns gave his solemn promise at the Park Hotel in Great Falls, before James A., Jim Speer, Loy Molumby, Stanton and others, that Dempsey would fight and would so state to the newspapers if the second payment was made. Again, at this meeting, Jim Speer advised against making the payment and right to Kearns's face said to Dad, "Jim, I don't trust this guy, and I advise you to keep the money until the day of the fight. If he keeps his word he will get it, if not we can sue him for everything he's got."

They finally agreed to accept Kearns's word. He broke it within a week and again refused to make a public statement. Thus the newshyos kept up their drumbeat: "Will there be a fight or not?"

The day after the second \$100,000 payment was made the newshyos immediately raised the question: "What about the third \$100,000?" And we never heard the last of that until the day of the fight. We couldn't convince them that the fight would be held, and Kearns wouldn't make a statement that he would fight. We had come to the end of our rope. We had no more money, and instead of ticket sales coming in we got cancellations of special trains and ticket reservations because of the feeling on the part of everybody that there would not be any fight.

We knew there would be a fight. We had the assurances of Kearns and Dempsey in private conversation that there was no question but that there would be a fight, but they would not make any statement in front of the newspapermen. At one time around June 15 we had nearly \$500,000 in

advance reservations and more than 26 special trains and parties. Without exception these were all canceled because of the adverse publicity.

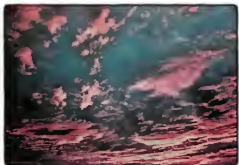
Finally, the day before the fight the Internal Revenue Bureau moved in and demanded its tax on the tickets that had been sold, but there was no money to pay it. On July 2 we had agreed with Kearns to turn over all of the gate receipts to him to make up his third \$100,000, and he had finally agreed to make a statement to the press that the fight would go on. Now we were forced to reverse this procedure and turn over the gate receipts to the Internal Revenue Bureau. Mr. Rasmussen, the State Collector of Internal Revenue, took over the arena and all of the ticket sales and collections on the day of the fight. We gave out specific instructions to Rasmussen and his agents not to turn loose any money so collected until he had received his tax in full. Kearns had no choice now but to agree, and the fight was finally on.

The day of the fight I was still limping around on a crutch from the plane accident, my arm in a cast and a sling. We were out of money, and I really mean out. We finally succeeded on the morning of July 4 in securing from the Internal Revenue Bureau a \$5,000 block of light tickets to which we were entitled from our original \$7,500 subscription and which we had never bothered to take out before. We didn't even try to get tickets for the rest of the money that we had invested. After getting the tickets we held an auction sale in the front room of our office in Shelby and sold those \$5,000 worth of light tickets for a total of \$950. Believe me, that \$950 was all the cash money that we had left when the fight was over.

The Internal Revenue Bureau collected a total of \$54,000 and some hundred dollars from cash sales the day of the fight but, instead of keeping it for taxes, the state director, Rasmussen, turned it all over to Jack Kearns, who had made arrangements to ride the Great Northern Railway back to Great Falls after the fight. I recall that the \$54,000 was in a black bag in the back room of our office after the fight. Our attorney, Jim Speer, warned the revenue people not to turn the money over to Kearns. The last we saw of the money, it went out our back door in the possession of Jack Kearns and Rasmussen. We later learned that it ended up in the hands of Kearns, who had prevailed upon the revenue people to give it to him because of his priority agreement with the promoters. It wasn't very long until the government filed a tax lien against my father and myself. The lien stayed on for a number of years, until we finally got it released through a compromise with the Bureau of Internal Revenue in Washington, D.C. for a cash payment of \$100.

Well, anyway, it was a damn good fight—about as good a 15-round championship fight as has ever been held. Dempsey didn't have any walkaway with Tommy Gibbons,

continued



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by any means. At the end of the fifth round, when Dempsey returned to his corner, Kearns said to him, "Why the hell don't you go in and knock out that s.o.b.?" To which Dempsey replied, "How the hell can I knock him out if I can't hit him?"

He was hating him, however, although Gibbons was fighting a marvelous defensive battle. Before the sixth round began Dougherty, the referee, leaned over the ropes and said to a couple of newspapermen who were sitting in the front row, "If this thing doesn't change, it's certainly going to be a tough deal on me." I believe the fifth round was the one in which Gibbons had Dempsey on the ropes temporarily, but he didn't follow up his advantage.

Boy, how the people did leave Shelby after the fight. She was a regular ghost town that night and for some little time thereafter. Everybody left—the hangers-on, the rodeo promoters and performers, the sideshow performers and, of course, all of the very few cash customers. In this connection, don't forget that there were an estimated 12,000 people who witnessed the fight itself, but many of them, unfortunately, crashed the gate in the last few minutes before the main event was to go on. It seems as though the revenue agents stayed at their posts collecting tickets and selling tickets until the main event was to take place, and then practically all of them suddenly found their presence very much needed around the ring itself, leaving the gates unguarded, to be crashed by several thousand free guests at the fight.

After the fight was over we had the terrific job of trying to clean up the mess. All we had left to show for our investment were the fight pictures. I still have a copy of the original moving-picture contract that we made with a character named Harry Grossman. He was recommended to us by Jack Kearns. Wouldn't you know? We knew nothing about the marketing of fight pictures and, besides, there was a federal law on the statute books at that time prohibiting the transportation of any prizefight pictures in interstate commerce. Harry Grossman took the film and \$1,000 we

advanced him for printing, and for a long time that was the last that we heard of either. Later on I followed Harry Grossman's trail across the U.S. and as far as London, England. But we never did recover a dollar from the showing of the pictures even in the state of Montana. The only time I ever saw the damn film was one night months later in Chicago. I strolled into a Loop theater, paid my buck and sat through two showings.

In no time at all Shelby started to come back following the fight. It is really surprising how the rugged individualist of the West can disregard a loss, take it on the chin and go on. All of the people of Shelby who had been interested in sundry and various boom concessions and businesses and had probably lost money immediately knuckled down to the job of doing something for the town in earnest.

As for me and my father, we tried our best to forget about it and go on about our normal business. James A. and I were engaged in the oil business off and on from the year 1920 and more actively engaged in the year 1923 and thereafter. James A. was badly crippled by his losses in the fight, and I was practically flat broke. But we recovered, not only in the oil business but in ranching, livestock and other endeavors. We spent a very miserable five years in settling claims and fighting lawsuits, including the suit by the government for admission tax. When James A. finally retired prior to his death in 1938 his estate was in not too bad circumstances. I have been engaged in the oil business since the famous fight days with some considerable success, although, as usual to this business, I have had my ups and downs several times since then.

Naturally I have my regrets. The whole thing started as a gag, then developed into a good publicity stunt, then into a financial nightmare. The main sufferer was my father. No one connected with the promotion of this fight profited one nickel, but at least I can say it was an honestly held fight promotion with no shady negotiations on the part of the original and final backers of the show.

END



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AMERICAN EXPRESS

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Ratfink Days in Merrie England

Toffs, gentlemen and even the poor gathered at the rat pits in London for a grisly exhibition

by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

Well, gents, I'm glad to see you look so comfortable." Jimmy Shaw, owner of the Queen's Head, just off London's Haymarket, grinned at the mixed crowd of a couple hundred dockhands and dandies, toffs and tradesmen, who jostled shoulder to shoulder around the six-foot-wide enclosure in the middle of the room. It was during the 1840s, and the men had gathered for an evening of rat-baiting.

Around the room were bulldogs with tight round heads like clenched boxing gloves and bandy legs showing the desirable pear-shaped space between grasshopperlike thighs and toy terriers weighing only three or four pounds apiece. There were Maltese dogs, and other less determinate breeds and mixtures, black, tan, white or brindled, straining against their spiked collars, almost wrenching the leads from their owners' hands. One yipped and stood on hind legs in an effort to see into the pit. Conversation became impossible as a couple of dozen miscellaneous hounds took up the cry.

Shaw shouted authoritatively for silence. "You that 'ave dogs, do make 'em shut up." There were slaps and curses, and the noise dropped again. But soon a man walked into the room carrying a great wire cage, and when the dogs saw it, they yelped twice as loud, for the cage

contained two score of writhing brown rats.

A well-dressed man called the captain climbed over the edge of the pit, opened the door of the cage and pulled out a dozen of the strongest rats by their tails. "Chuck him in," he cried, and the mass of rodents were joined by a small but lively terrier. The dog was a beginner and unsure of what was expected of him. He advanced nervously toward a group of rats, which spring up at his face. One took a peek at the dog's lip, hung on for a second and let go. The infuriated terrier poined forward, took the rat instinctively by the back of the neck, gave it a quick twist and a shake and dropped the corpse smartly, then looked up, as if wondering what to do next. The dog's handler heat hard on the wooden sides of the pit with his hand: "Hi! Hi! At 'em!" The message got through, and within half a minute two more rats lay lifeless. Another dog had started a career.

Later in the evening, after many rechargings of the glasses, came the grand match of the evening—the killing of 50 rats. Now an experienced dog held the pit, and spectators soon saw the difference. This terrier hesitated not at all about his business, and rat after rat was neatly dispatched at five- or 10-second intervals. If a rat ever took hold of his

nose or his jaw, he quickly moved across and slammed its body against the side of the pit. At the call of "Time!" the dog was taken up by the handler, and the remaining rats were counted. A hail of halfpennies into the ring—for the handler's benefit—showed that the customers were well pleased with the performance. By midnight a dozen dogs had shown their paces: when Shaw asked if "any other gentleman would like some rats," and there was no response, he announced the entertainment was closed—until the following Tuesday.

A hundred years ago, when ratting was at its peak in London, there were more than 70 pits operating regularly for the pleasure of "the fancy." Since 1835 the old established sports of bull and bear bating, dog fighting and cock fighting had been illegal. "The time is coming," forecast the *Morning Advertiser*, "when rat-killing and pigeon shooting [from traps] will be banned, and a true Englishman will have no option but to emigrate." Sarcasm? Not a bit of it. Few Englishmen of the period could resist the sight of a dog killing vermin. But it was Jimmy Shaw who introduced it as an organized sport. "Ratting Extraordinary," ran his weekly advertisements. "One of the best regulated canine clubs in London," counterclaimed another publican. And, by paying sixpence or a shilling, the poor could have a vast choice of places to watch the townsman's blood sport.

The first pits were rude affairs—a few sticks and boards nailed together to form a square. But wood gives too much grip for claws, and the rats had a tiresome habit of climbing up and out. Later, by

continued



URGED ON BY HIS HANDLER, A RATTER GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS OF KILLING

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Marrie England ILLUSTRATION

midcentury, promoters were able to advertise that they had escape-proof wire pits or octagonal pits with vertical iron bars.

If the spectators were lucky, they sometimes witnessed one of the classic exhibitions by such renowned dogs as Jacko, Billy, Jenn or Jenny 1 and, whose feats have come down through history in posters, paintings and sporting prints. Billy, the property of Charles Dew and bred by James Yardington, had an ancestry of champion bulldogs and terriers that could be traced back 40 years. By 1823 he had set a record of killing 100 rats in 5:30, or one every 3.3 seconds. Later, when Jimmy Shaw became the doyen of London rat men and, with his friends, the nearest thing to a controlling body of the sport, he introduced the "no-touching" rule, under which his own 19-pound Jenn killed 100 in 5:54 in 1853. Shaw's Jacko is often quoted as killing 1,000 rats in one hour 40 minutes, indeed he did, but only at weekly intervals in stints of 100 at a time, the last of which was a startling 5:28. For continuous effort, therefore, the palm must go to James Searle's hutch Jenny Lind, who in 1853 killed 500 in a steady working of one hour 30 minutes at The Beehive in Liverpool.

Searle was prepared to take any bet on Jenny Lind from £25 to £100, he is on record as having staked and won £50, and countless other sovereigns went clinking into the hands of stakeholders round the pit shortly before the event. He must have won a packet. Backing your dog against time was just one way of gambling on his rat-killing powers. You could also back him to kill, say, 20 rats in a shorter time than a rival dog and just hope the stakeholder didn't quietly disappear to the suburbs with the equivalent of a year's wages in his purse. You could enter a sweepstakes with a dozen or more competitors each pooling a sovereign. Or you could put your dog in a contest for one of the many prizes offered by publicans who knew they would recoup their investment many times over in sales of beer, wine and liquor. A fat sheep, a hog, a gold or silver watch, a shotgun, a handsome silver-studded collar—all could be won by a well-trained dog. A run of successes sent stud fees soaring to a guinea or more and could transform a dog of humdrum antecedents into a valuable property worth twice a laborer's annual wage.

It wasn't a cheap hobby. There were heavy expenses for traveling to Liverpool or Norwich or Glasgow to match the provincial champions. Even though the children were starving in some East End slum, the dog, the financial hope of the family, was fed on finely chopped rum steak; no gutter scraps for him or bones that might blunt his teeth. Above all, there was a sizable sum to pay for the rats themselves.

The arrangement was this: the publican charged a small admission fee to spectators but allowed fanciers the free use of his pit. Shaw used to advertise, "A large supply of Strong Burn Rats always at hand." His stock ranged between 500 and 2,000, and he once used 1,300 in a week. They all had to be fed expensive barley meal, or they would eat each other. They were sold to the fancy at three-pence or fourpence apiece, and it was a matter of private bargain between contestants whether the expense was shared or paid by the winner.

Although London houses, sewers, shops and docks were riddled with rats, the best and most vigorous specimens came from the farms and hedgerows of the countryside. Many country and suburban families lived, and lived well, on ratting when they could sell their catches for three-pence per rat. In times of scarcity, catches could get as high as a shilling.

The most famous ratcatcher of all times was Jack Black, who wore a striking uniform of white leather breeches, green coat and scarlet waistcoat, with a gold band round his tall black hat. His handbills proclaimed to the world that he was "Rat and Mole Destroyer to Her Majesty." He wore a black belt decorated with four life-size rats in embossed metal. A foundry had quoted £4 for the job, rather a lot for a fellow whose government salary was £6 a year. So Black made a mould by pressing a dead rat in plaster and filled it with powder from his wife's melted-down saucers.

With ferrets, nets and terriers, and with various formulae (including odd chemicals like oil of rhodium) kept secret from the most persistent inquirer, the experienced ratcatcher could fill a sack in no time or even charm the rats to walk into an empty and unharmed cage.

The professional ratcatcher was easy to identify. Often he would have a tame rat or two wandering about inside his clothes, for those less exalted than Jack Black, velvet-jacketed, corduroy trousers

continued
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OR CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Merrie England *Continued*

and laced boots were almost uniform, topped by a felt hat. (Barkley, commissioned to exterminate in a church, said he never felt so queer in all his life, rating without a hat on.) The ratcatcher usually smelled strongly of oil of thyme and oil of anise, odors said to be irresistible to the quarry. There usually were scars on his neck, face, and hands. Black used to show his split thumb nail, caused many years earlier by a particularly fierce bite.

Jimmy Shaw alone had 20 families dependent on him for their livelihoods, producing the goods for his Tuesday evenings, rats were also to be had by gentlemen on less formal occasions. One Sunday afternoon Lily Langtry received an urgent message to investigate an apparent riot at the Haymarket Theatre, of which she was tenant. She hurried down. On arrival she found that her friend George Baird and his cronies had transformed the foyer into a temporary rat pit. Baird, who had an income of £250,000 a year from the family coal mines, was making extravagant wagers with hundreds of fivers, and the men, almost ignoring Lily, shouted wild encouragements to their dogs. For the rest of her life the famous actress never felt quite the same about the Haymarket.

In public, the nobles and toffs were somewhat diffident about letting their names be associated with ratting. Publicans' advertisements referred to owners as "a sportsman well-known in the Fancy" or an "officer of the 100th Regiment, presently quartered in Glasgow." Jimmy Shaw advertised that his pit could be hired "with the strictest privacy." One of the most enthusiastic upper-class fanciers was Captain L. Fitz-Barnard, whose whole life was bound up with the matching of one animal against another. "A bear and a grasshopper will fight splendidly if put in an upturned wine glass," he advised, "and two evenly matched tarantulas put up a pretty fight." His great delight was dog fighting, although he did complain that it was rather a bore because of the time it took. "Two hours on average for one dog to kill another—I have known fights to last six hours."

Ratting has been illegal since 1911, but even today there may be some Britons who agree with the former Duke of Beaufort when he declared: "Fox hunting and ratting are the two finest sports in the world—and ratting comes a damned fine second."

EMWS



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Last week was typical of the fine pitching that has dominated the league, for there were five shutouts and 13 games in which five or less hits were allowed. In all, there had been 68 shutouts pitched through Sunday, which was 13½ ahead of last year's pace. As outstanding as Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers and Juan Marchal of the Giants have been, Bob Gibson of St. Louis (2-5) has been the equal of anyone during the past five weeks. Since May 22:

	IP	H	R	SO	ERA	W-L
GIBSON	79	48	18	71	1.37	8-1
KOUFAX	80	54	24	75	1.35	8-1
MARCHAL	78	64	14	49	2.17	6-2

Bob Veale of Pittsburgh (2-4) pitched his third straight five-hitter, using what he calls "my integrated pitch." Explains Veale, "It catches just a little of the black and a little of the white of the plate." Phil Regan of Los Angeles (3-4) has become one of the most effective relievers extant, and his secret weapon is a "super slider." Opponents contend that his slider is really a spitball. Much the same is again being said of Bob Shaw of New York (5-2), who won twice and set a Met record by becoming the first starter ever to win four games in a row. The Mets, who had never won more than four games on a road trip before, were 8-6 on their latest journey. Hank Aaron of Atlanta (4-3) tied the league record by hitting his 24th homer before the end of June. When slugger Willie McCovey of San Francisco (5-2) was sidelined, Manager Herman Franks moved Ozzie Virgil into the lineup for the first time. The light-hitting Virgil hit a homer, and Franks was labeled as the Wizard of Oz. Sonny Jackson of Wisconsin (5-2), without a homer in 256 at bats, had

two last week. Mike Cuellar saved one game in relief, won two as a starter. Chicago (1-7) got heavy hitting from Ron Santo (below) and Billy Williams, though most of it was canceled out by inept Cub pitching. Deron Johnson of Cincinnati (5-1) went on a nine-game binge and doubled his RBI total for the year to 24. Despite 90° weather, Richie Allen of Philadelphia (2-4) took extra batting practice. That night he hit two home runs. He hit another later in the week and for the season was producing one homer for each 11.1 times at bat.

Standings: SF 43-27, NY 39-29, LA 40-28, Hou 22-32, Phil 20-34, Cin 24-35, Mil 23-36, Atl 33-41, StL 29-38, Chi 31-48

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"This is the most beautiful park in America, especially those seats in right field. They were made for me." That's the way Curt Blefary of Baltimore (5-2) felt about Yankee Stadium before the game, and that might be hit a home run into those seats for all of Baltimore's runs in a 3-0 victory. Those were the same seats into which Frank Robinson fell the night before, after making the most controversial catch of the season. With two out in the last of the ninth, Yankee Roy White hit what looked like a three-run, game-winning homer, but Robinson ran back to the hip-high fence, leaped, gloved the ball and then fell backward into the seats and out of sight, except for his feet. He came up some seconds later clutching the ball, but no one knew for sure whether he had lost possession of it—which is what the Yankees and some of their fans seemed nearby claimed. During the second game of the two-night doubleheader, spectators assailed Robinson with firecrackers, sandwiches and assorted debris. One Indianapolis Baltimore writer referred to the Yan-

kee fans as "hoodlums masquerading as humans . . . who set New York civilization back 1,000 years." But New York (4-4) rooters would have been satisfied if they could have turned time back just a little to the days when their Yankees were winning those close games they are now losing. Manager Ralph Houk moaned about his club's 14 one-run losses, then learned that Chicago (3-5) had lost 19 such games. The next day the Sox, who were well on their way to breaking the league record of 38 one-run losses, came up with two home runs off the left field foul pole to beat the Yankees 2-1. "In my whole life I never have had a slump like this," said Tony Oliva of Minnesota (3-5). Oliva had not had a home run in 18 games, and in a 13-game stretch had batted .192 with only three RBIs. Washington (3-5) went into a slump en masse, hitting .177 during a four-game losing streak. Boston (3-5) continued to play solid 10th-place ball despite the fact that Tony Conigliaro hit three homers after a batting tip from his father. Kansas City (5-3) made 10 errors, yet had its most successful week of the season and climbed to eighth. Relievers Jack Sanford and Lou Burdette, who had won a dozen games between them, kept up their excellent work for California (4-2). Another former National Leaguer, Larry Sherry of Detroit (5-3), won twice in relief. Lead-off man Dick McAuliffe got on base his first time up in eight of nine games, twice each on walks, singles, triples and home runs. Rocky Colavito of Cleveland (4-5) went on the biggest home-run spree of the year, hitting eight in all. Four came within 24 hours and brought 3-2 and 8-6 wins over the Red Sox.

Standings: Balt 47-28, Det 43-26, Cleveland 37-33, Phil 39-33, Minn 33-36, Chi 27-32, NY 29-37, KC 30-40, Wash 30-43, Bos 25-48

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

By the end of last week Third Baseman Ron Santo of the Cubs had hit in 26 consecutive games, but keeping that streak alive had not been easy. One night the business was so good as Ron Santo's Piazza, just outside Chicago, that he stayed around late and "helped make 1,000, maybe 1,500, pizzas." The next day he hit in his 23rd game as a row, the fifth time that he had kept the streak going with a hit in his final at bat. A little moonlighting was one thing, but there were bigger threats to his hit-a-game ritual. Twice last week he was carried off the field on a stretcher, first after he was spiked in four places on a close play at third and later after he was hit on the face by a pitch.

That pitch fractured his cheekbone in two places, and about the only consolation that Santo had was that before being hit he had picked up a hit in the first inning against the Mets. He will be out for almost two weeks, and when he returns this streak will remain in suspended animation until he does! He will surely continue a practice he has kept up at recent weeks. Santo says he is not superstitious, yet it just happens that he had a bowl of fruit with breakfast each day during his spree. In those 26 games Santo batted .348, drove in 17 runs and hit six balls into the seats. Santo may have difficulty eating solid foods when he first gets back into the lineup, but as long as he keeps hitting he will have that bowl of fruit with breakfast even if he has to resort to eating applesauce.



CUBS' RON SANTO

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—Jim Kiefer's *Kaiser II* crossed the finish line first in the 815-mile Newport-Buenos Aires race to take the Scott Trophy, his overall honor, won by THUNDERBOLT, a Cal-40 speed sloop by T. Victor Leighton of Rio, N.Y. (Enr 2/1).

BORING—Lightweight Champion CARLOS ORTIZ, 29, a Puerto Rican-born New Yorker who is campaigning for a seat on the New York State Senate race, won world title with TKO over Johnny Benigno, 27, of Erie, Pa., in the 12th round of a scheduled 15-round bout in Pittsburgh's Coast Arena. "They are going to call me the fighting unicorn," said Ortiz. Undefeated KIM KI-SOO, a 26-year-old South Korean, outboxed world junior middleweight champion Juan Benavente, 28, of Italy in a 15-round bout in Seoul, Korea, to become the first Korean ever to win a world title. The victory was Ki-Soo's 37th as a professional.

Argentinean OSCAR BONAVENIA, 23, the South American heavyweight champion who wanted to play his mandolin and wear his national uniform before his 15-round bout in Madison Square Garden (Local 302 of the musicians union said no), scored an upset when he won a split decision over George Chuvalo, the 38-year-old Canadian in a preliminary six-rounder. BLISTER, MATTHEW of Grand Rapids, downed a 16-year 240-pound and unbeaten as a professional, stopped Jovell Cephus of Brooklyn in 2:27 of the second round and hit 10th victory.

GOLF—JOYCE KAZMIERYSKI, a 20-year-old coked Dean Michigan State, won the women's collegiate championship by defeating the University of Denver's Debbie Jo Gaherbert 2 and 1 in the Merble final at Columbia, Ohio (Enr 2/1).

BILL CASPER, who in top form after six wins in the U.S. Open a week earlier, defeated the Mexican Open title at the Merble final in Country Club by beating a 16-year-old 79 in a one-on-one par 26. Gary Brewer Jr. finished second, tied strokes in 26. Florida's BOB MURPHY, the national amateur champion, shot a 67 in a four-on-four par 67 in the final round to win the NCAA title at Warner, Calif. with a one-on-one par 26, first stroke better than Vicky Glen of the University of Georgia.

CAROL MANN, with a 54-hole total of 216, finished two strokes ahead of Kathy Whitworth to take the LPGA Western (lower) Women's Open.

HAMMER BACING—ABC Staples' PERFECT PERFORMER (47/90), a 2-year-old stallion by Del Island, took the \$89,311 Racecraft Trust at Rosemead by two lengths over Al Affine and set a new world record for 1/4 mile on a half-mile track with his time of 0:40. "How about that!" said Isaka,

who admitted he didn't know much about Perfect Performer because he was asked to replace regular driver Jay Dennis only last Friday.

BRET HANOVER (32/20) won his 50th of 54 starts as he took the \$74,850 Marbury Male at Chicago's Sportsman's Park with ease, finishing six lengths ahead of Larry E. The victory, worth \$14,000, lifted Brett's career earnings to \$312,137, making him the world's leading money-winning pacer.

HOMER BACIGIO—Ogden Phipps' BLACKPASSER (51/40), with Shalako Batta as jockey, won the \$108,000 Arlington Classic, by 1 1/2 lengths over Cuneola Cane, covering the mile in world record time of 1:32 1/5, seconds (Enr 1/31).

Wash. Post Blum up, LADY FITT (53/40) a champion daughter of Soviet Dancer won the \$117,975 Cushing Club American Oaks at Aqueduct by 3/4 of a length over Greenlee Sable's Gentle Rain.

TITLED HEIR (53/50) earned \$32,111 for his crop at Post Marshall's Tuisano, when he won the 107th running of the Queen's Plate, the oldest North American stakes race, at Woodbine, Ontario, by three lengths over Come Sorely's Rye and Lane.

French-owned DANNYUP, ridden by Yvan Saint-Martin, took the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamps by three lengths over Hauden.

BILL SHOMAKER, 34, the all-time money-winning jockey, gained the 400th stakes victory of his career when he rode Howard Kock's DRIN (53/40) to a 3/4 length win over Tragnere in Hollywood Park's Coney Handicap.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI of Nazareth, Pa., who set a world record for a 1/4-mile race when he averaged 169.014 mph in qualifying for the Atlanta 300, drove his race-worn Ford to a win-to-lose victory, averaging 151.216 mph. The win was Andretti's third straight (Milwaukee and Longhorns, Pa.) on the UNAC championship circuit.

JOHN (Buck) FULP, a 27-year-old female motorcycle rider from Anderson, S.C., driving a Lola-Les rebel at an average speed of 101.46 mph, won the SCCA Watson Glen 200-mile sports car grid race and took the lead in the series (lower races set for the U.S. Road Racing Championship).

TENNIS—San Francisco State's CECILIA MARTELINZ upset top-seeded Jean Duhaime of California 6-4, 4-6, 7-5 to win the national collegiate women's championship in Stanford, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD—Karnak freshwater JIM RYUN, the 19-year-old holder of the U.S. mile record and the world half-mile mark, won the mile in 3:56.6,

finishing 10 yards ahead of Dwyd Burdon of Eugene, Ore., at the AAU outdoor championships on Randall Island, N.Y. (Enr 2/1).

France's MICHEL JAZY, the world mile record holder, missed Ryle Ebert's world 1,500-meter mark (3:35.6) by 7 seconds when he registered a 3:36.7 at a meet in Stockholm, Sweden (Enr 2/1).

A BRITISH RELAY TEAM, made up of Graham Green, Mike Varah, Chris Carter and John Boucher, elapsed 2 seconds off the world two-mile relay record with a 5:14.4 clocking at a meet in London. The previous mark (5:11.4) was set in May by a University of California relay team.

WRESTLING—RUSSIA won its 13th consecutive World Greco-Roman team title with 39 points in Tokyo, but the Soviet wrestlers were far off the event of eight division gold medals, which collected last year (last two Russians, VIKTOR KODUNOV (175 pounds) and VALENTIN OLININ (191 pounds) and ROMAN ROZDOLIA (138 lbs.) were winners this year in the championships, which their coach, Alexander Sotnikov, a 35-year-old former world title, called "rough." Russia won by Bulgaria, with 19 points and two gold medals won by ANGEL KEREKOV (145 pounds) and ROYAN RADOV (213 lbs.) The U.S., which had never scored in men's Greco-Roman competition, gained 1 1/2 points on JIM HAZELWALKER's sixth-place finish in the 114.5-pound division and RON FINLEY's tie for sixth in the 138.5-pound class.

MILWAUKEE—HURD: PAUL RICHARDS, 37, former manager of the Chicago White Sox, general manager and manager of the Milwaukee Braves and general manager of the Houston Astros, an heir of the Atlanta Braves' newly created department of instruction and development.

SOLED—To the New York Rangers by the Montreal Canadiens, right winger BERNIE (Bernie) GILLESPIE, 35, the NHL's most valuable player in 1984. Gillespie, who won the scoring title in 1984 in 54 games with the Canadiens, spent the past two years in a coaching crew in the American Hockey League. Said Gillespie: "I am confident that I have three or four more years left in the NHL."

RELEASED—By the Pittsburgh Steelers, 15-year NFL veteran fullback BERNIE (Bernie) JOHNSON, 36, who has not left since after injuring his leg in the first game. Said Johnson, who had already signed his 1985 contract but had not signed with the team: "You don't play ball if you're unhappy with the organization. I am confident to play for anybody that will give me the most money."

DIED J. K. (Bud) KENNEDY, 59, head basketball coach at Florida State University for the past 18 years, of cancer, in Tallahassee.

CREDITS

4—Doris Hovner, 22—Britt Carson, 24—Mick Thompson, 24—Jeff Chase, 40, 41—drawing by Don Witz, 48—Photo Times, 47—2—University of Illinois, 63—Lisa Babin, 68—right—University of Georgia, 69—Bryce Brown, 75—Lisa Babin, 78—left, Ryan Pines, Boston, U.S. Army, Peter Martin, Royal Studio

FACES IN THE CROWD



AL FILIBELLI, a 43-year-old Californian who began playing gin rummy 10 years ago, earned his tenth International Gin Rummy Tournament in Las Vegas and finally won, defeating George DeMers of Fridley, Minn. 521-354 in the final for the \$17,835 prize.



JAMES OOTS, a 1st lieutenant at Fort San Houston who has been competing in the pentathlon for 2 1/2 years, bettered the American record (which was set by 1984 Olympian James Moore) when he scored 5,249 points in the five events at a meet with Mexico in San Antonio.



ANNETTE BERNNER, 26, a Des Moines amateur tennis player, entered her first solo race and, driving her Cusack Production Alfa Romeo GTZ, gained a victory to become the first woman ever to win a series race at Minneapolis' Land O' Lakes Sports Car Classic.



FREDERIKA LEET, 17, of Weston, Conn., wore blue ribbons for the third time this year in both the McClay and ASHA Medal classes at the Ox Ridge Home Show in Darien, Conn., to qualify for the National Home Show and the Washington International then fall.



TIM OBNIELSEN, a 21-year-old senior at Chula Vista (Calif.) High, broke a Golden West Invitational track meet record set by Jim Ryan in 1965 when he won the two-mile in 8:55.4 in Sacramento. Daughen also took the mile and was voted the meet's outstanding performer.



STEVE SCHULTZ ended his patching career at Archbishop Melillo High in Jamaica, N.Y., with 22 wins, no losses, then about out Cardinal Hayes' 1-0 first team's fourth straight. New York City Catholic schools title. Last year he beat Lou P-6 for the championship.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PINS AND NEEDLES

Sirs:

Your story *The Big Yankee Turnabout* (June 20) is the first good explanation I have seen of why the Yankees failed under Keane and won under Houk.

BOB ULLER

Denton, Texas

Sirs:

Ordinarily it is bad practice for a recently successful manager to become a general manager. His association with the players is too recent, so they tend to turn to him, actively or wistfully, for solutions to problems. This negates the authority of the field manager, because the players don't really feel the need to answer to him. Discipline becomes shoddy.

Also, being human, this general manager will, more subconsciously than otherwise, obstruct the new manager. As an example, wasn't Houk quoted far more than is normal on items usually left for field managers to comment upon?

Houk is an excellent field manager. But, he did fail as a general manager.

CHARLIS BRONZ

Elmhurst, N.Y.

Sirs:

Houk is no miracle worker, and the Yankee organization is still hurting. In fact, it is in deep trouble. Mantle, Howard, Ford and Mays are mere shadows of their former selves, and where are the replacements? The blame should rest with the front office and its blunders, not with Keane. With baseball's current draft plan it will be much harder for the Yankees to build another dynasty and dominate the American League as they did in the past. The pin stripes do not strike fear in the hearts of the ex-cousins of the Bombers anymore. The National League champions of recent years first exposed the fallacy of Yankee supremacy, and now all the junior circuit clubs have the message.

JOHN W. RICHMOND

Whittier, Calif.

Sirs:

Hogwash? No matter who replaced Keane it was almost a certainty that the team would be psychologically rejuvenated enough to win some games. Leonard Koppett makes Houk seem like a superman, when actually Houk has proved nothing as yet. He has the same problems that Johnny Keane was plagued with: a team that, on paper, is no better than fifth- or sixth-place, a pitching staff that is only fair at best and lacks depth, hitting that is woefully weak and a once-mighty Yankee bench that is now virtually nonexistent. The Old Guard players such as

Mantle, Mays and Howard are near the end of their careers, and the once-proud Yankee farm system has become unproductive and unable to fill the gaps.

Of course, superego Houk arrogantly predicts that the Yankees will win the pennant. But deep in our hearts we know he's wrong.

GARY HILLER

Rochester, N.Y.

BIG DEAL

Sirs:

After reading your story of the NFL-AFL merger (*Here's How It Happened*, June 20), I have come to these conclusions: 1) the deal was made for the good of the owners, 2) the merger helps television in that it gives TV a "real" championship, which in turn further pads the owners' pocketbooks, 3) although rookie bonuses were getting a bit on the foolishly high side, the owners will now have to pay little or no money for players, and 4) with one league, there will be no competition for fans or for players.

ROBERT MACKAY

Torington, Conn.

Sirs:

It's beyond me as to why the AFL would downgrade itself by joining the league.

MIKE FORD

Denver

WHITE WASH

Sirs:

Thank you for Jack Olsen's brilliant article about Jim Ryun (*Ready for the "Goof,"* June 20). There is no doubt that he is the finest runner in the world. It is true that Tommie Smith might outrun Jim in the century or furlong, Theron Lewis or Mike Larrabee might be rated even odds against him in the 440 and Ron Clarke might be a shade stronger in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters, but in all distances in between, beware! Whether he anchors KU's mile relay with sub-46.0 clockings or outdicks his opposition at one or two miles, Ryun is the world's best all-around runner. Now if he would only decide to take up the pole vault, shotput and high jump.

MITCHELL OREUS

New York City

Sirs:

As a high school track coach and would-be runner, I thoroughly enjoyed Jack Olsen's article on Jim Ryun—except for the wince-crack about the four-minute mile ("now run" by everyone except your laundryman"). While it is true that the four-minute mile has become relatively commonplace, it is also true that the physical effort required to run a mile in four minutes today is precisely

the same as it was when Roger Barnister first did it in 1954—and SI named him Sportsman of the Year for doing it. The significance of today's fast times is that more athletes are reaching the tremendously high standard that four minutes represents, not that the standard has gradually declined. There are thousands of high school and college milers in this country for whom it is still an outstanding achievement to run a mile in 4:10 or 4:20 or even 4:45. It can hardly be encouraging for them to see their performances laughed off the page by a sportswriter's flippant hyperbole.

ED AYRES

George School, Pa.

Sirs:

Without a doubt Jim Ryun is the greatest distance runner in the world today. But your mention of another great runner, Glenn Cunningham, brought back memories. Glenn, whose legs were severely burned in a childhood accident, was my group leader at a preinduction physical examination at Fort Des Moines, Iowa in 1944. I was right behind Glenn as a doctor examining his legs asked, "Have these legs ever given you any trouble?" Glenn replied, "Yes, at times they haven't gone fast enough."

GEORGE H. STUBBS

Rifle, Colo.

THE SPEEDSTERS

Sirs:

That segment of Big Business known euphemistically as Thoroughbred racing has become boring. The atmosphere is remote, unfriendly, push-button. Distance racing has been curtailed over the years until, today, only one (the Jockey Gold Cup for 3-year-olds and over) of 50 major stakes covers two miles. No one denies the fact that speed is a desired quality. But ever since that contest between Richard II and the Earl of Arundel (owners up) back in 1377, the first horse across the finish line has been the winner.

Today the poor cayuse is modified to fit the system. He runs around the same dirty one-mile oval, rolled concrete-hard, until he breaks down. Rarely asked to go over a mile and a half or carry more than 130 pounds, today's running horse is a pampered dude. Yet he can pick up more money in one afternoon winning some undistinguished race than was possible for the likes of Exterminator to earn in an entire season.

In any case, I believe the breed may have reached a plateau. Barring mighty Kelsb, this decade has been a strange interlude for the blood horse. No growth is evident.

WILLIAM DONNELLY

Tulsa

continued



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16TH HOLE

WITH A WHIMPER

Sure;

In your very first issue (Aug. 16, 1954) you rated the popularity of sports according to number of spectators and participants. You rated softball as the champion of spectator sports, and you were right. From 1946 to 1960 softball as played with the fast pitch really was the top sport of every kid in America.

Softball had been reasonably popular before in the '30s, but the real boom occurred after World War II, when all the "boys came home" and began participating in leagues in their home towns. Every town, every city had softball leagues, and they were all fast-pitch. There were recreation leagues, industrial loops, church circuits, independent teams—everywhere there were softball leagues, because these men had played the game in the Army and Navy and brought it back home with them. But while everyone who wasn't actually playing the game was not watching it, nobody wrote about it.

Alas, beginning in 1960, the game died, and fast-pitch softball is hardly more than a memory now. Why? Some say it was because other sports grabbed spectators via TV. Some say it was because fishing, bowling, golf, etc. gained more participants. In my opinion, however, the real reason that softball failed was because of the pitching. During the 15-year period of the game's high point there were many good fast-pitch hurlers, but the important thing is that they weren't too good. Average scores were 5-4 and interesting. But as the years went on, the number of superpitchers began to increase. They threw faster than 100 miles an hour by meter test. The pitchers were only 46 feet from the plate, and they threw the roc ball, which is tougher to hit than anything in hand ball. The merely good fast-pitch hurler, the mainstay of the game's interest, began to disappear. Young boys wouldn't spend the time to learn to pitch softball. They couldn't compete with the superpitchers anyway and, besides, they had other interests: cars, surfing, their own questionable music. They just wouldn't make the effort to learn to pitch, and they didn't have the courage to stand up to bat to the older fast-pitchers.

Then along came a new game called "slow pitch." This is now the big thing in softball, but spectators couldn't care less. In slow pitch the ball is lobbed over at a height from three to 10 feet. There is little challenge to hit it, there is no hitting, no stealing, no hit and run. Old fast-pitch players call this new diluted form of softball "sissy pitch."

There are still a few super fast-pitch teams left, and they continue to meet in the national tourney. But interest in softball is pretty well gone.

Shelton, Conn.

Ed MULLFORD

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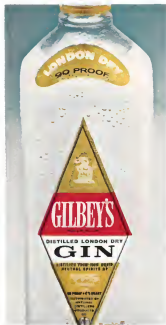
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